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MEMOIR OF THE REV. JAMES BALMES.

OF late years Spain, with all her lofty history, has added little else to the budget of modern affairs than "oft told" tales of internal discord and frequent revolutions. Literature, arts, and sciences, have little to thank her for. She has not kept pace with the march of progress among the

nations of Europe, and as to the American quickstep, or *pas de charge*, or race against time, or whatever else our electric onward movements may be called, she must look upon them, we may suppose, more as the curious exhibitions of a magic lantern, than as any example for her imitation.

But, if Spain has done but little to add to her good fame in the memory of living man, it must be admitted that she has made some contributions to the common cause worthy of her best days. Besides, having been a few short centuries past, a leader among the great powers of the times, triumphant in arts and arms, in navigation and commerce, in science and letters, it follows as a matter of course that so much greatness, which could never have been achieved by any but a gifted people, must have left at least great vestiges. So it has indeed, and these very vestiges have been incorporated in the highest order of American modern literature. Who doubts it? Surely none who has reveled in the glowing pages of a Prescott, an Irving, a Bancroft, a Longfellow, or a Ticknor, whose work on the history of Spanish literature, has been pronounced by accomplished critics *the best contribution* to American, or rather to general literature, coming from America; and if the reader will have other names, we will mention as immediately recurring to us, Caleb Cushing, the learned and able Attorney General of the United States, under the late administration; and we would add, our distinguished fellow-citizen Mr. S. T. Wallis, whose works upon Spain, besides other interesting contributions to general literature, reflect so much credit upon his native city. Now be it remembered, these eminent men of letters have all drank deep from the same fountain; they are all deep in Spanish scholarship; and they have all found in old Spain, humbled as she is, a very thesaurus of literary lore.

For the various and varied productions of these gentlemen then, which shed such lustre upon our own literature, we certainly owe a debt of gratitude to Spain. Our best writers have been trained, we may say, in her schools, and have drawn their inspirations from her Pierian sources. We give an instance. Some years ago we dabbled a little in Spanish letters, and it came in our way to read the *Invasion of Mexico*, or in other words the *Conquest*, by Cortes and his gallant followers, in a work written in Spanish and published in Mexico, from the pen of Don Lucas Alaman, a distinguished *literateur* of the sister republic. The work was well written and highly interesting, but not for that did we thank Mr. Alaman. We had read the same before in English, in Prescott's *Conquest*, and we supposed that the Mexican scholar had been playing the old, though we do not say *time-honored* game, of presenting to his countrymen a translation from another tongue, as the fruits of his own genius. From the similarity of style used by the two authors, and the identity of matter almost, one could not but find plagiarism flatter than Dogberry's flat perjury, but after all, both parties were equally free from this sin, at least in their relations towards each other. It proved that Don Lucas Alaman, who was the *Apoderado* of the Cortes estate in Mexico, held under his control, among the archives of the Hospital de Jesus, founded by the conqueror, a most valuable treasury of original documents. Now this gentleman used freely and avowedly the data he found there collected, and he supplied Mr. Prescott liberally with copies from the same originals. Thus was explained the close resemblance between the works of the two authors; there was no want of fair play on either side, but both had used the same materials, and in the best manner—that is, pretty much as prepared to their hands by the actors in the great events commemorated.

These facts, it may be said, have no connection with the life of Balmes. True, but they go to show that Spanish intellect, generally underrated in this country, is appreciated at least by the first intellects of the land; and the life and works of Balmes prove to the modern student that the ancient laurels of that ancient kingdom may yet be revived. The intellect of Spain is not dead, but sleepeth. Spain has been worn out like any other fine soil by exuberant crops, but like the soil again, having for a time lain fallow, she is again ready to become productive.

We would commend to those who desire a general, comprehensive, and just view of Spanish literature, the "Lectures on the History of Literature," translated by J. G. Lockhart from the German of Frederick Schlegel. On this subject we would be pleased to make free extracts from Schlegel's admirable work, though not exactly *a propos* to our subject. This author is very liberal in just compliments to the intellect of Spain, and he remarks, that in spite of old prejudice, the language and cultivation of the Spaniards have been recognized of late years with more justice than formerly. While giving them the palm over most of the people of Europe for their achievements in the world of letters, he denies their excellence in philosophy, and we think, scarcely does them justice. "In philosophy alone, Spain cannot boast of any names such as those which have appeared in Italy, Germany, England, and some other countries. In that department it must be admitted she has produced no truly great writer." We do not profess to be versed in the philosophy of Spain, nor will we make the subject of our memoir an exception to the remark of the critic, since Balmes wrote subsequently to the learned German, but we may adduce fairly, as at least one distinguished exception, Suarez, of whom it is said by no less an authority than Grotius, "Qu'il était si profonde philosophe et theologien qu'à peine était-il possible de trouver son égal." See Schlegel's Lectures; and the *Biographie Universelle* by F. X. de Feller. Art. Suarez.

Some twenty years ago, a modest candidate for holy orders presented himself before the Señor de Corcuera, the learned bishop of Vich. What dost thou ask? said the bishop. A curacy, my lord—replied the young man. No, said the bishop, return to the University and study. The young ecclesiastic did as he was directed, and he devoted the powers of his clear mind to theology, to history, philosophy, jurisprudence, literature and mathematics. His method of study had always been peculiar, and not exactly agreeable to his teachers, but he pursued it uniformly. He would con over a certain amount from his author, and then sit for a long time dreamily, with his head resting upon his hands, chewing the cud, as it were, of his mental aliment. His philosophy of study was, to choose his authors well, read little, and think much. He made himself master of whatever he did read. His varied erudition was made up of a thorough and profound knowledge of a limited number of the best authorities, and special facts from many more. He would run carefully over the table of contents of any work likely to prove useful, and select for study so much as appeared particularly interesting or valuable.

Before considering however, his general studies, or rather his works, we will fall back for a moment upon his birth and early education. James Balmes was the son of very humble parents, and he was born in the little city of Vich, in Catalonia, on the 28th of August, 1810.\* His course was

\* AUTHORITIES: principally *L'Espagne Moderne*, par Ch. de Mazade. Art. Un Prêtre Publiciste: and Notice of the Author, prefixed to *Protestantism and Catholicity Compared*, &c.

shaped from infancy by a pious and devoted mother, who gave him to God, giving him as a model and patron, St. Thomas Aquinas. This good mother foresaw her son's future eminence, and she herself possessed a greatness of soul well adapted to inspire him with the sentiments which were to lead him to a high destiny. He had in early childhood a happy and peaceful home where were blended piety, industry and order. This austere and simple domestic influence is the best school for the young mind. The place of his nativity confirmed this influence. He dwelt in that part of Catalonia, among the mountains, where the ancient traditions, and customs, and religious habits still prevailed. He was destined for the priesthood, and early commenced his studies at the seminary at Vich, following them up at the University at Cervera.

"It was a marvelous organization," says M. de Mazade, "that of the old Spanish universities. Their picturesque side has often been shown; but the idea of their power, protection and bounty, and especially for children of poor families, as in the case of Balmes, has not been generally apprehended.

"Instruction was by no means the privilege of the higher classes in Spain. It appears, on the contrary, that everything concurred to render it accessible, in modern phrase, to the greatest number. A multitude of pious foundations and immense benefices, opened the seminaries to the children of the people for gratuitous admission. The universities in a higher degree offered the same facilities. In that of Alcala, five hundred poor students were maintained, following the various courses. Five establishments disposed of two hundred and fifty free scholarships. At the Catalan University of Cervera, there were the several colleges of the *Asuncion*, *San Carlos*, and *Santa Cruz*. The first alone required an annual payment of four ounces of gold; that of San Carlos was for students sent and maintained by the bishops of the province. The College of Santa Cruz, particularly intended for the poor, maintained habitually more than an hundred young men without means. There were boarders and day-scholars; these latter had served out to them regular rations of soup and bread. In the Universities in general, moreover, all the fees in all cases were extremely moderate. The doctorate conferred personal nobility. Balmes was among the last of those educated under the old Spanish system. He held a scholarship at the College of San Carlos."

In compliance with the bishop's instructions, as we have said, the young priest devoted himself to study, perpetual study, matured by reflection and prayer. He lived in troublous times for Spain, when that kingdom was convulsed with civil war, and the nation stood divided between the claims of Don Carlos and those of the present Queen. Often, in pursuing his studies, or giving instructions, for he became professor of mathematics at Vich, the din of war rung in his ears, or as he tells us himself, "more than once it happened that the tocsin, or the general (warning roll of drums for the troops) interrupted our engagements; if we could pursue them we did so, if not, we quietly retreated as best we could." Balmes was a patriot rather than a partizan, and his heart bled for his country. He felt within himself the consciousness that he could do something to assuage her afflictions, and unfolding the rich stores of his mind, he began a series of publications which have had, and will ever have, a paramount influence over his countrymen. The clergy of Spain had lost their influence over the people in a great measure, owing we must believe, to the



neglect of their high duties, but the faith of the masses was yet unshaken, and then as now, their ancient attachment to the Church was unabated. But the revolutionary spirit, imitating remotely that of France, tended to deracinate if possible, religion from Spain. Balmes, as patriot, priest, and statesman, threw all his powers on the side of conservatism. As a politician, he took part with Don Carlos, who under the salic law was true heir to the throne; yet, in 1845, when that prince abdicated, the act was approved by Balmes, who hoped that all differences between the contestants would be settled by the marriage of the son of Don Carlos to the young Queen. The failure of this project proved to him a bitter disappointment. It may be here remarked that Balmes never declared against the rights of the Queen. The salic law was in fact a foreign graft upon the laws of Spain, which had in itself no vitality. For centuries females had succeeded there to the throne in due order, and the greatest of Spanish sovereigns had been a woman.

The revolution left Spain tranquil for a time, but shattered and almost disorganized. Balmes' conservative political essays had great weight with all parties, a rare fact in times of political excitement, but in fact, he stood above party, and his eminence was the more freely admitted, because unsullied by any efforts for personal advancement. While the nation was yet unsettled after recent disturbances, Balmes brought out his great work on *PROTESTANTISM COMPARED WITH CATHOLICITY, &c.*

We may here again adopt the language of M. de Mazade:

"When Bossuet wrote the History of the Variations," he confronted Protestantism at its origin, so to speak, with the inherent changeableness of its first principles. The dogmatic view ruled in this vigorous act of accusation. A work which treats at the present day, of the great religious tendencies of the world, assumes from the nature of things another character; it must find its principal elements in all historical, social, moral, and political considerations. Please observe the occasion upon which the *Protestantism compared* appeared at Barcelona, in the year 1842. It was at the end of a revolution which had shaken everything, and which had not even spared the Peninsula menaces of schism. Now, in emerging from a revolution, the first necessity for a people is to return to faith and its doctrines. In the midst of universal mobility, a mysterious instinct impels them towards the immutable. This was true for Spain; and more true perhaps for Europe after recent commotions. It is for this reason that Balmes' book, written at first for his country in the solitude of the mountains of Catalonia, but whence the author views a much wider horizon, becomes in many respects the expression of a situation much more general. This rehabilitation of Christian ideas enjoys all the favor of circumstances that was enjoyed by the *Genius of Christianity* at the beginning of this century. Only I may say that the Spanish work is of a much profounder order, and much more striking than the French book. Where Chateaubriand brought back to the religious ideal by the imagination, in lighting up in wearied and deceived souls the sentiment of the poetry of faith, in describing the marvels of the Christian festivals, and showing therein the resources for art and for literary genius in Christianity, Balmes, inferior as a writer certainly, goes straight to the substance of the problems of civilization: he composes a new philosophy of history, which has nothing in it abstract or superficial, which rests, on the contrary, on the most profound realities, and which has thrown a new light upon the diseases and crises of modern societies."

This great work, neither first nor last in the order of our author's productions, is that which possesses undoubtedly the widest sphere of usefulness. He undertook it "to counteract the pernicious influence exerted among his countrymen by Guizot's lectures on European civilization, and to neutralize the facilities offered under the regime of Espartero for the success of a Protestant Propagandism in Spain."

Those who have perused the work need no comments on its character; to those who have not, we may only say here that it is characterized by a profound love of truth, by earnestness, frankness, deep thought and profound learning; the author lays down his propositions with the calmness of an impartial philosopher, sustains them zealously, and brings final proof by documents which are conclusive. He deals in argument always, in invective never; and there is nowhere a sentence that the most determined opponent, if candid himself, would charge with unfairness. The work is, in short, a triumphant vindication of the Catholic Church as the founder and promoter of modern civilization; and the false claims of Protestantism in this regard are shown in their proper light.

We can do little else here than enumerate the other works of Balmes, which were all given to the world in the short space of eight years; that is from 1840 to 1848. His first literary attempt was a prize essay on Clerical Celibacy. Next came "Observations on the Property of the Clergy, &c.;" then Political Considerations on the Condition of Spain; then a translation of the Maxims of St. Francis de Sales for every day in the year; and about the same time, he prepared a Catechism for the instruction of children. The next production in order, was Protestantism compared with Catholicity. In 1842 he was one of the editors of a monthly magazine, *La Civilizacion*, after which he established a Review called *La Sociedad*. He published this but a short time, when on account of the prevailing troubles, he was driven into a temporary retreat, during which time he composed *El Criterio*, an admirable course of logic, which is a book that a French critic says children may understand, and yet the most learned will derive profit from it. Balmes wrote *El Criterio* in a few days during the summer of 1843, at a retired house in the suburbs of Barcelona, while the city, in possession of a handful of revolutionists, was undergoing siege and bombardment; he wrote it without any other books with him than the Bible and a copy of the Imitation of Christ, which was all he had been enabled to save from the conflict.

In 1844 he commenced a new journal, the *Pensamiento de la Nacion*, a conservative journal opposed to the spirit of revolution, and advocating for national policy a matrimonial alliance between the Queen and the son of Don Carlos. In 1846, his desires in regard to the marriage having been frustrated, he abandoned *El Pensamiento*. He then collected his various political essays, and afterwards brought out his *Elementary Course of Philosophy*. His last work was a brilliant pamphlet on Pius IX, in which he expressed his great gratification at the reforms or ameliorations attempted by this venerable Pontiff. Strange as it may appear, this pamphlet brought down upon him no little censure, from, we must suppose, the *Atresados* of his native land, who charged him, a model of healthy conservatism, with the sentiments of a revolutionist.

We have accidentally omitted his *Fundamental Philosophy*, recently opened to the English reader by Mr. John A. Brownson, and also his *Letters to a Sceptic*, a well timed refutation of modern unbelief in its various forms. The readers of the Metropolitan will find a valuable portion of

this work translated for its pages during the present year. No portion of it, so far as we know, has yet appeared in an English dress.

Such is a hasty enumeration of the works of this great and fertile author; merely indications of what he did for the united cause of religion, literature, philosophy and patriotism. Although his writings were principally intended for the interests of Spain and her people, there are few of them that do not apply to all persons interested in the most important affairs of modern Christian society.

Balmes during his literary career was obliged more than once to travel abroad on account of his health; he twice visited France, and noticing the troubled state of the public mind there, he foretold with almost prophetic accuracy national events which have since become historical. He saw there, much more strongly developed than in his own country, the vast differences pervading different conditions of life; and one of his primary thoughts was to unite different classes in harmony.

The general ferment in Europe appeared to him like a grand social malady: "the civilized world," he said, "is intelligent, rich, powerful, but it is diseased; it wants morals and faith." To him, a Christian philosopher, there was but one way of reconciling the conflicts of classes, and that was through religion, not as a cold and abstract ideal, but as something full of life, and vigor, and motion, something capable of touching all hearts and of bringing men into a true fraternity. In Spain, in fact, notwithstanding the many years of civil discord, there is more kindness between the different classes, between the rich and the poor, between those of high and low degree, than is to be found among nations making louder professions of fraternity and equality, and this genuine feeling can only be maintained by true principles of religion. Balmes labored to cultivate this feeling; he knew that the happiness of his countrymen was interwoven with their national religion, and he urged them to stand by it through all assaults and temptations whether of domestic or foreign origin.

He believed religion, the Catholic religion, to be the only safeguard for the weal and for the tranquility of the masses; he saw how they were moved by the spirit of revolution, and he did not believe either in force or philosophy as means of allaying their excitability. He held the following language in regard to the illusion that commerce, or arts, would bring national peace and contentment:

"Property becomes more and more divided, industry multiplies its products, commerce ranges over every sea, so that society, approaching a pretended social perfection, is about to realize the desires of that material school, which reduces men to machines, and which has not conceived that society may tend to any more lofty aim,—and yet, misery has increased in proportion to the increase of productions. All men, of common foresight, must see that things are moving in a wrong course, and that if a remedy is not speedily applied, the result will be fatal. The accumulation of riches, arising from the rapid advances of commerce and arts, tends to the establishment of a system, which would consume for a small number, the toils, the sweats, and the lives of multitudes; but this tendency finds its counterpoise in the ideas of leveling which occupy so many minds, and which, expressed in different theories, attack more or less openly, property, the actual organization of labor, and the distribution of its fruits."

Time and space do not allow us to extend quotations from this great author, and indeed there would be an essential difficulty in making selec-

tions. One cannot read a page of his works anywhere without finding moral, or religious, or political aphorisms. We cite an example, which even in the midst of our name and nation is not without its significance: "The worst of barbarisms is that which springs from corruption."

Our author, brief as was his literary career, had the satisfaction of seeing his works translated into nearly all the languages of Europe; and now that he is gone, his fame and his teachings resound through Christendom, and extend their range with each succeeding year.

On the 9th of July, 1848, this eminent publicist and exemplary priest went to his rest, not having yet completed the 38th year of his age. Spain, Europe, Christendom, wept over his early death; but why? He had fulfilled a glorious mission, and his works are of those which do not perish.

"Æternumque tenet per secula nomen."

We commend our readers, who would know him better, to his works, and there they will find that the star of Spain has not set forever. How could it? Has not the Peninsula in times past brought forth mighty men, men of renown in their generation?

If you search a hero, behold the Cid; a sovereign, the ornament of her sex, and the pride of her country, there is ISABELLA, the CATHOLIC; a great explorer, the noblest of navigators, there is Christopher Columbus, "a foreigner" made the adopted son of Spain by the wisdom of Isabella; a wise and unselfish statesman, there is the great Ximenes; a contemplative saint, there is Teresa; a saint for action, there is Ignatius; or if you prefer, a Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies; a conqueror, there is Cortes, whose life and deeds surpass the fictions of romance; a writer, moralist, and novelist, there is the unrivalled Cervantes; a painter, the great master, Murillo; a dramatist, Lope de Vega, or Calderon de la Barca; a theologian and philosopher, Suares; a historian, the learned Mariana; we will mention no more that we may not trespass longer on the reader's patience, but we must say that the country which has brought forth such examples of genius, of greatness and of virtue in the past, under the same heavens, with the same soil, the same climate, and the same religion yet there, cannot fail of regeneration.

In our humble opinion Balmes is the forerunner of the new order.

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**BEST CONDUCTORS OF LIGHTNING.**—Metals are the best conductors, the choice lying between copper and iron. Different experimenters make the conducting power of copper from five to six and a half times that of iron; so that, having determined the sectional area of an efficient copper rod, an iron one of six times that area will possess the same conducting power. Iron, however, is not effective and durable, unless entirely coated with silver, copper, tin, palladium, or gold, in consequence of liability to rust. As to the capacity of rods, the sectional area of a copper one should vary from a circle one-half to three-fourths of an inch in diameter, the larger area for very tall conductors and the smaller for shorter ones. The form of the rod, whether flat or round, is immaterial, but it should be as entire and as straight as possible, avoiding all abrupt angles and short turns, and presenting a single point to the clouds, with the apex tipped with palladium, the most powerful conductor of electricity known.

## DR. BROWNSON AND THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

As our readers are, of course, aware, the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the Dred Scott case, has been, from the moment it was pronounced, the subject of the most bitter and vindictive denunciation throughout a great portion of the North. Nor has this been confined to the decision merely. The Judges constituting the majority of the Court, who concurred in it, have been assailed on all sides, with the most indecent personal vituperation. As is usual, when any outrage of peculiar grossness is to be perpetrated among the philosophers and philanthropists of that section, the stump-speaking pulpit has been called in aid of the higher-law press. The Cheevers and Beechers, and all the rest of the Sharp's-rifle saints, have taken up, every Sunday, the tale of sedition and malice which the Tribune and its coadjutors have been fabricating during the week, until the distinction between the pot-house and the political conventicle—small enough indeed before—has become almost absolutely imperceptible.

The venerable Chief Justice of the United States—whom no one in our community, and no impartial man any where, names but to honor—has been the especial mark of these assaults, ecclesiastical and lay. Although merely the presiding officer of the Court—without greater authority or more potent voice in its deliberations and judgments than any of his brethren, and only distinguished among them by his reverend age and by the pre-eminent degree in which he unites the moral and intellectual characteristics of a great and just judge—he has been selected to bear almost the whole responsibility of the iniquities attributed to the decision. There is scarcely a motive which is vile, or an error which is criminal, that has not been imputed to him. Incompetency in his profession has been charged, without stint, to a man who has been for half a century one of its acknowledged leaders, and whose reported judgments are unsurpassed in the judicial literature of his country or the annals of the high tribunal whose deliberations he has graced, *facile princeps*, for more than twenty years. Corrupt ambition has been attributed, with shameless recklessness, to one, who besides being already the occupant of the most dignified station in the land, has lived ten years beyond the allotted period of human existence, and who by possibility can have no motive in his official action, beyond a conscientious sense of duty discharged, and the desire to leave behind him an unsullied and honored name.

But partisan rancor and theological hatred have not contented themselves with this onslaught upon the judicial ability and integrity of the Chief Justice. The sanctity of his religious convictions has been invaded, and his reverend assailants, especially, have thanked God that the outrage

of the Court's decision was not wrought by the hand of a Protestant, but that it came from the bad heart and perverted mind of a "Papist," with the abominations of whose faith it might fairly claim kindred.

In regard to all these things we have nothing to say. They furnish subjects for sad reflection, to every man who loves his country, honors its institutions and has the hopes of himself and his children knit unto its future. But, unhappily, they are nothing new, in principle. They are only aggravated symptoms of that insane fanaticism which has so long threatened to convert one section of the Union into a political mad-house—an insanity, which is only not complete, in that it is too deliberately wicked to be free from moral responsibility. There is no sacredness in religious freedom—no recollection of ancestral, plighted faith—no bond of fraternal love or historical association—no reverence for constitution or for constituted authority—which does not crumble into dust before its passionate and traitorous vindictiveness. That the Chief Justice of the United States has been selected as the object of its most venomous attack, is but a recognition of the fact, that he is, for the time, the most conspicuous representative of the moderation, the sound sense, the patriotism, the constitutional conservatism of the country.

"'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake  
That virtue must go through."

We should do gross injustice to Dr. Brownson, whose name we have placed at the head of this article, were we to permit the supposition that it is our design to identify any thing coming from his pen with the lawless scurrility to which we have directed our comments. We certainly have no such intention, but we still feel bound to express our regret at the spirit and tone in which he has alluded to the case in question, in the April number of his *Review*—controverting the reasoning and denying the conclusions of the Court. The judgments of courts of justice are undoubtedly open, in every free country, to the comments and criticism of the press and the public. But this liberty of discussion, like all other rational freedom, is to be exercised, and by all men of prudence and patriotism is exercised, with the care and reserve which circumstances and the public welfare may demand. There are always bad men enough, in the best communities, disposed to spurn the restraints of the law and set at naught the judgments of the tribunals by which it is administered, and no man who has the common interest at heart can willingly give them countenance or encouragement, by attempting to weaken the confidence and respect to which those judgments are entitled. We can certainly conceive no occasion on which the observance of such caution could be demanded more imperatively, than the one before us. No questions have ever excited such irreconcilable antagonism of opinion in our country, or involved so much of bitter sectional hostility, as those considered by the Supreme



Court in the Dred Scott case. No contest has ever shaken the foundations of the Union so perilously, as the political canvass in which those questions were made the watchwords of party. They had come, at last, for adjudication, before the Supreme Tribunal of the nation, created by the Constitution for the settlement of precisely such controversies. That the decision of the tribunal could be favorable or agreeable to both of the hostile parties, was of course impossible. The same points could not be determined affirmatively and negatively, at the same time. Adopting one view, the Court was compelled to repudiate the cherished opinions of a large portion of the people in the Northern States. Adopting the other, it must as certainly reject the whole political creed of the South. Yet the Court had, no escape from adopting the one view or the other—from repudiating the one set of doctrines or the other—and it was under every pledge that can bind the conscience or sanctify duty, to pronounce its judgment, without regard to consequences or to the probable effect on men's feelings or opinions. | The Supreme Court is not a representative body. It is not only under no obligation, but it has no right, to consult the wishes or speak the sentiments of a constituency. It knows neither majorities nor minorities. It is the servant of the constitution and the laws, and it has sworn no other allegiance. Its members are liable to impeachment, if they are corrupt, but otherwise they owe no responsibility except to their consciences, and what they deliberately determine, within their sphere, of which they only are the judges, is the law of the land, let who may desire or determine the contrary. The Court was constituted as all courts of justice are constituted—not to promulgate opinions upon which men are agreed, but to determine questions concerning which men differ. Its very creation implies the existence of hostile claims and opinions, and the necessity of some arbiter to decide between them, without reference to the interests or the wishes of those who are in the wrong. Its province is to judge—not to temporize or to reconcile—to ascertain what is right—not to look about, as Dr. Brownson indicates, for what is "acceptable." Upon the two sides of this particular controversy, the passions as well as the opinions of the two great parties in the republic were arrayed, and defied each other. It was a case demanding—if case ever demanded—the intervention of judicial arbitrament, and the Supreme Court, in determining it, had a right to rely, with implicit confidence, upon the support of all true men, no matter what might be their individual opinions. When we say support, we mean not merely reluctant, unwilling, protesting sufferance—but a manly, open recognition of its judgment as the authoritative settlement of a vexed and unhappy question. The Court and the country had a right to expect that there would be an end of contention upon the points adjudicated, and that the public mind would no longer be disturbed by the reiteration of objections and arguments already urged, heard, considered and over-ruled. If men will not respect a judicial determination because they do not agree in opinion with the

judges who pronounce it, courts of justice are clearly an absurdity and every law-suit must end in placing the one party or the other in open rebellion.

It is from the adoption, by Dr. Brownson, of a course so contrary to the one we have indicated as becoming, that the regret which we have expressed arises. Nor do we think that the force of our objection is in any way weakened by the qualification with which he has accompanied his "exceptions to the opinion of the Court." He says:

"Of course we are aware there is no appeal from the Supreme Court, and its opinion must stand as law, till it is set aside. Though we take exceptions to it, and believe it in several respects erroneous, we trust we shall not forget our duty as a loyal citizen."

It is mere mockery, in our judgment, to talk about loyalty to a judicial decision, the whole moral force of which you attempt, in the same breath, to destroy, by urging and enlarging upon your convictions of its unworthiness and error. And even supposing that Dr. Brownson does not violate his own duty, by endeavoring to satisfy his readers that they are called on to submit to injustice, and error, and even inhumanity, in a judgment from which there is no judicial appeal—what guaranty has he that others, less moderate or less honest than himself, will not adopt his reasoning and repudiate his loyalty? The proceedings of several of the Northern legislatures, already taken, ought to satisfy him, we think, that his logic is contraband of war, being ammunition furnished to the enemies of the public peace.

With our views of the duty of the press under the circumstances of the case before us, we do not of course propose to enter into the merits of Dr. Brownson's reasoning upon the constitutional questions lately in controversy. We accept the judgment of the Supreme Court as law—with the binding force and legitimacy of which neither Dr. Brownson's convictions nor ours have anything to do. We will not admit that the questions which it settles are open, by even attempting to shew that they are rightly settled. It is enough that the judgment has been rendered. *Ita lex scripta est.* We cannot help observing however,—and we think that so eminent a controversialist as Dr. Brownson, seeking to deal fairly, might have been expected to notice the fact,—that the opinion of the Supreme Court has never yet been published. The whole argument of the "Review" is addressed to "an abstract of the decision, as given in the columns of the New York Herald." Now, we respectfully submit, it was not too much to expect, that before refusing to consider the opinion of the majority of the Court "as worthy of the high source whence it emanates"—and especially before declaring that he had "anticipated" and "refuted" its reasoning—Dr. Brownson would at least have waited until he had learned, from the Court itself, what its opinion and reasoning really were. It might well have occurred, we think, to any person of merely ordinary con-

fidence in his own abilities and opinions, that the deliberate judgment of a majority of the members of the highest and ablest judicial tribunal of the land—pronounced by the acknowledged head of the legal profession within its borders, in the maturity of his recognized and unimpaired powers—would probably prove, when produced, to be hardly susceptible of demolition in four or five pages of anybody's "Quarterly Review," We must confess that we have occasionally seen much more edifying instances of modesty, than that which our distinguished contemporary exhibits, in imagining that he has annihilated the majority of the Supreme Court, in a sort of postscript to an editorial.

We think, too, that if Dr. Brownson had taken time to give play to his fine faculties, it would probably have occurred to him as a conclusive reason for awaiting the appearance of the opinion of the Court, that instead of being handed over to the press, in hot haste, like the dissenting opinions of Judges Curtis and McLean (whom he calls "the ablest judges from the free States"), to be made a part of the machinery of party excitement and electioneering war—it was quietly reserved for publication, in due course, among the official reports of the Court—a judicial sentence, not a political pamphlet. We think that instead of fortifying himself by "the dissenting opinion of Judge McLean," Dr. Brownson would probably have remembered that Judge McLean was a candidate, at the last election, for the suffrages of the free-soil convention, and has long been prominent before the people as an aspirant to the Presidency—having announced his "acceptable" views on the Slavery Question through the newspapers, on the eve of the last nominations. Dr. Brownson, on reflection, would hardly have regarded the hastily promulgated judicial dissent of Justice McLean, in view of these facts, as properly impairing the "moral force" of the opinion of the Court, any where, or giving any "moral force" whatever to Judge McLean's own personal or judicial position.

But Dr. Brownson is not satisfied with setting himself up as a sort of super-Supreme Court of Appeals, upon the legal and constitutional questions involved in the Dred Scott case. He undertakes, as is his wont, to exercise a little ecclesiastical jurisdiction besides, and to settle a few matters of faith and conscience as well as jurisprudence. He chooses to regard Chief Justice Taney as the Court, and not only to deny his law and dispute his facts—without having seen the record of either—but to assail him as a Catholic, because "he did not recollect what he is taught by his religion," but, on the contrary, had promulgated opinions "more in accordance with the teaching of Aristotle than with that of the gospel." Thus, while the Cheevers and Beechers, on the one side, pronounce the opinion of the Court to be flat "Popery" and duly diabolical in consequence, Dr. Brownson, on the other, regards it as rebellion against the authority of the Church and the bulls of the successors of St. Peter!

Against the intrusion of any such considerations into a question of this

sort we solemnly protest. When Dr. Brownson shall have been a Catholic one-half so long as the Chief Justice, he will probably know that their introduction is utterly unjustifiable. In suggesting them, he has done neither more nor less than has been done, in their way, by the orators of the stump-pulpit. If he is right in requiring a Catholic judge to regulate his decisions, not by the law which he has sworn to administer, but by something outside of it and above it, which his Church is supposed to teach—then the opponents of his Church may have the right to treat the errors of the judge as the errors of his religion, and to regard him as unfitted, by professing it, to occupy his judicial station. There is no escape from the conclusion. Either Dr. Brownson is wrong or Dr. Cheever may be right. But they are both utterly wrong. The Catholic Church provides no loop-holes by which a man may escape from the discharge of an official duty—she applies no pressure to force him from it—she binds him with no fetters within it. As she teaches the citizen to obey the law, so she teaches the judge to expound it—not as he would have it, nor as it would be “acceptable” to others, but, simply and nakedly, as it is. She neither legislates for the legislator, nor adjudicates for the judge. She consecrates the principle of inviolability within her own sphere, by leaving inviolate the functions and duties of the civil magistrate. In the unhappy controversy which the recent decision of the Supreme Court should terminate forever, the Catholics of the country have had no “Church North” and “Church South” to distract and divide them, or split and sever their allegiance. They have all been on the side of the recognized institutions of the country, as they are all, now, upon the side of the constituted authorities. They have not aspired to be above the law—they do not now aspire to be above those who are appointed to interpret it. No man is an authorized teacher who would persuade them, whether as judges or simple citizens, that their path of duty or conscience lies in any other direction.

We have dwelt at some length on this subject, not merely because of our respect to Dr. Brownson and our sense of the interest of the questions, but from a desire to prevent, so far as we are concerned, any misconstruction of Catholic opinion. When the Legislatures of States of this Union so far forget what is due to the common weal and to every principle of duty and patriotism, as to pass votes of censure upon the Supreme Court of the land and adopt measures to resist its decisions, it is no time for any body of citizens to leave their sentiments on the subject open to misinterpretation. It is the duty of every man to speak out plainly, and to allow no one to speak for him, who does not represent him truly. It is a sad state of things, indeed, and of fearful augury, when there is to be no criterion of right, except what men will, and no submission to authority, except when authority has itself previously submitted to dictation and compulsion. Nor is it the least of the evils which such circumstances draw in their train, that if they continue, we must assuredly lose the ser-

vices of all good men in public place. While there are so many opportunities for the pursuit of honorable ambition and manly independence in private station, the number must gradually grow less, of those who are willing to expose themselves in official positions, to the capricious despotism, the vituperation and the indignities of popular injustice.

Down to this time, the Supreme Court has been the one institution to which men have looked with reverence and of which they have spoken with respect. We have fallen upon evil days, if even that one is to be no longer sacred. Wo betide us, if the reputations of its judges and the sanctity of its judgments are hereafter to be trailed through the kennels! If, from this time forth, the press and the public are to be content with none but "acceptable" opinions, we shall soon see upon the bench only the base men, who for place or popularity will contract to pronounce them. No one, we are sure, would deplore such a result more than our distinguished contemporary, and we think that his influence and reputation render it doubly his duty to do nothing, even inadvertently, by which its advent shall be hastened. If he assumes the right to determine what "it was the business of the Court to brand with its disapprobation," others, less wise and conservative than he, will assume the same right, after their fashion. If he objects to the exercise of jurisdiction by the Court, because "he cannot understand on what ground" it was claimed, others, who understand less than he, will, for that very reason, object even more. The delightful prerogative of setting the world to rights and laying down the law for it, is one of which he cannot reasonably expect to enjoy a monopoly, and in the exercise of which he will hardly be allowed to have altogether his own way. Some irreverent rival may perhaps be found to tell him, what the Venetian Ambassador, Giustiniani, says that he was told by Cardinal Wolsey—"Domine Orator," said his lordship, laughing, "you are like the man who had a dispute about a mill, and when there was a question about compromising the matter, he said 'I consent to the compromise, but I choose, at any rate, to have my mill!'"

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### NIGHT.

'Tis sweeter to gaze on the face  
Of Night when she has donned her crown  
And queenly robe of light sky blue,  
With starry jewels glimmering through,  
And with soft eye is looking down,  
Than in Earth's rarest beauties trace  
The charm of features, and the wile  
And witchery of woman's smile,  
All wildly though they send the flame  
Through throbbing breast and thrilling frame.

## WORDS AND THOUGHTS.—No. IV.

**JUDICIAL REACTION.**—One of the most striking features of the present time is the frightful increase of crimes against the person and property—recklessness of life, and unscrupulous avidity for money and plunder. Bands of young outlaws haunt the streets of the large cities, and highway robberies are frequent even in broad day. Picking pockets is tame, yet by no means unfashionable, but the more desperate “garroting” is the vogue, while burglary continues to improve as one of the heroics in crime. Murder, of late, is usually committed by wholesale.

A skill and ingenuity in crime, and absence of moral restraint, would indicate that the criminals were of a higher order of intelligence than the ignorant and besotted villians of long ago—the result of the partial education of the intellect and the passions, without the education of the moral nature and the heart by accompanying religious instruction, the most important and necessary of all education. False sympathy and a kindness to criminals, which has proved a cruelty to society, by weakening the hands of justice, either by its administration by courts and juries, or through the pardoning power of the executive, has assisted the progress of crime by giving it immunity. But, fortunately, great evils sometimes cure themselves; and then the danger is imminent that the mode of cure itself may become an evil by becoming an extreme—for extremes meet.

It is evident that education—godless education has not eradicated crime, but that crime has increased and become educated, while public morality has deteriorated; and the conclusion has been reached that rigid law and stern punishment alone can now save society from ruin. Judge Russel, of New York, may claim the honor of inaugurating “the judicial reaction,” and some of our own judges seem not indisposed to restore somewhat more of vigor to the operations of their courts, and truly it is time. Two men were convicted before Judge Russel, of robbery, accomplished by garroting—that is, choking the victim, but not fatally: and he promptly sentenced them to the *penitentiary for life*. The sentence is severe, but we presume is authorized by the law: and, certainly, the protection of society, of life and property, demands vigilance and vigorous action when the crime is clearly proven. But it is well, while recovering from the mawkish sympathy and impotence, which have emasculated courts of justice, that we take good heed not to rush into vindictive cruelty. And it is better still, while the re-awakening power of the law puts down the criminal mania of the present, that a blow be struck at the root of the evil for the future, by giving to the young that moral and religious education, which will enable them to restrain their passions, teach them to abhor sin, and make them for the love of God become law-abiding and orderly citizens.



## PRAYER BOOKS.

1. *L'Ange Conducteur dans les Prières*, à Liège, 1782.—2. *Manual de Orações*. Anno 1756. Lisboa.—3. *The Key of Paradise*. London: 1772.—4. *Instructions and Devotions for hearing Mass, printed in the year 1699*.—5. *A Dayly Exercise of the Devout Christian, printed 1673*.

We copy by request the following article, contributed to the April number of *Brownson's Review*. Our high esteem for the distinguished author to whom it is generally attributed, prevents us from adding a single word, further than to call the attention of our readers to the importance of the subject:

WE place these ancient prayer books, written in French, Portuguese, and English, at the head of some remarks which we feel prompted to make, not wishing to excite jealousy or pain, by selecting as the subject of our observations any of the numerous devotional works recently issued by our enterprising publishers. To these we willingly accord the praise of taste and elegance, although the bulk of several of the works does not catch our fancy, since we desire greater simplicity in the exercise of piety. We do not, however, blame the publishers for seeking to gratify their patrons by every variety of devotion, which is their duty as well as interest, in all those matters which the ecclesiastical authority sanctions, or leaves free. The approval obtained from the prelates in whose respective dioceses these works have been published, shows that the publishers acted with all due regard for superiors, unless, as in some cases we know has happened, the approval be alleged without foundation. It has been presumed as a matter of course, by some who merely republished a prayer book stated to have been already approved of by the prelate, or his predecessor. We suggest, however, the propriety of obtaining an express approval, whenever the actual prelate has not already given it, since it is incongruous and irregular to publish a work on the authority of one who has passed from this sublunary world. The same should be understood of a bishop who has been translated. As the authority of a bishop over the diocese ceases by his translation, it is a want of respect to his successor, if any devotional work appear with such sanction. For the same reason, the practice of soliciting and alleging on the title-page the approval of other bishops beside the ordinary, is indecorous, unless a higher authority intervene, especially the Sovereign Pontiff. Although this display of names, which savors of puffing, may promote in some degree the sale of the work, it is not altogether consistent with the respect due to the local authority, and it gives the bishops the appearance of easy patrons rather than of impartial judges. In the mode hitherto followed, we discover no intentional want of respect on the part of the publishers, but a natural solicitude for their own interests, which, we believe, can be as effectually promoted by a method more strictly canonical. The bishops who, through

courtesy for their colleagues, decline allowing their names to be used in conjunction with that of the Ordinary, have many ways of making known to their diocesan their high estimate of works that may be circulated with advantage.

Whoever has travelled in Italy, Spain, or other Catholic countries, has not failed to observe how deficient the people appear to be in prayer books. The recital of the beads seems the most popular form of devotion, even during the celebration of Mass, at which comparatively few use books, containing, for the most part, short meditations on the mysteries, or prayers suited to the occasion. The Portuguese Manual, which lies before us, is of this character. It consists of little more than a hundred pages of 24mo., with a number of wood-cuts, representing the various parts of the Mass, and the corresponding scenes in the Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension of our Saviour, which are commemorated and represented. Meagre as this supply to the spiritual appetite may appear, we deem it quite sufficient, and better calculated to foster piety, than the lengthened and elaborate devotions of our ordinary prayer books. It arrests and fixes the attention, without fatiguing the reader, leaving him free scope to exercise his mind in reflection. The endeavor to read all that is in the prayer-book often occupies the worshipper, so as to make him almost unconscious of the meaning of that which he hastily recites. The best manner of hearing Mass, doubtless, is to recall to our minds the Passion of our Lord, and plead with him for our wants and necessities. This can be done mentally without the aid of any book, or by availing ourselves of some book, or image, to excite our memory and affection. The shorter form pleases us most, but we have no objection to the use of long prayers, such as are found in our popular works. We only observe that it is by no means necessary to read them all, and that whoever feels moved to reflect, meditate, and pray from the heart, will profit more by laying aside his book, than by continuing its perusal. Prayer and worship are the chief objects to be attended to.

It may appear to some, that the most exact and profitable manner of hearing Mass is to have before one the very words recited by the priest, and to accompany him in their recital. This may have led to the translation of the Ordinary of the Mass in "The Key of Paradise" and other prayer books, which, however, may also be accounted for by the desire to meet the objection of our worshipping in an unknown tongue. Strange as it may appear, the Popes have always discountenanced and forbidden such translations. So late as 6 June, 1851, the present Pontiff directed the Bishop of Langres to cause it to be discontinued. Is it that Rome fears exposure? The world knows already all that is contained in our Liturgy: but the reverence due to the mysterious rite has led the chief bishop to seek to prevent its details becoming too familiar, lest words full of awe be pronounced with levity and profaneness. Besides, what suits the priest in his character of minister and representative of Christ, does not

suit the faithful who concur and share in the oblation. As far as instruction and edification are in question, they are provided for by the Scriptural lessons which are read from the pulpit in the vernacular tongue, and are otherwise within reach of the people generally, together with the explanations of the various rites of the Mass, which the Council of Trent directs to be given frequently. No objection exists to this information being contained in our prayer books, unless, perhaps, that it unnecessarily swells their bulk, and obliges the faithful to carry with them always to church that which is sufficient to have once read and understood, in order to perform an enlightened worship. Respect for the authority of the Holy See, whose judgment is unbiassed by the petty apprehensions which disturb our peace, should exclude from our prayer books the Ordinary of the Mass. Do we condemn those who have hitherto inserted it? The prohibitory rule was doubtless unknown to several, and appeared to others abrogated by contrary usage; but the doubt entertained by the venerable Bishop of Langres, and the earnestness wherewith his present Holiness insisted on the prohibition should determine our submission. The zeal which seeks to promote the interests of religion, by means disapproved of by the Ruler of the Church, is not enlightened. *Habent zelum Dei, sed non secundum scientiam.*

The hearing of Mass is, we may say, the exclusive object of the devotions in one of the English, and the Portuguese prayer book noted above: "*Para assistir a o sacrificio da Missa.*" The English prayer book contains three different methods for this purpose, and subjoins a fourth, whereby the absent may share in the advantages of the sacrifice. Although it is much larger than that in Portuguese, it contains only 168 pages in 18mo., quite a small affair compared with the monster prayer books now in use. We do not object to some additions which detract nothing from the simplicity of devotion, such as Morning and Evening Prayers, Prayers before Confession and Communion, the Psalms of Vespers, with the various Church hymns, which may be given in English, as well as Latin, without violating any disciplinary rule with which we are acquainted. We doubt the propriety of admitting into prayer books any hymns not sanctioned by the public usage of the Church. The beauty and tenderness of the poetic effusions of Faber are present to our mind no less than the sweet *canzonette* of Saint Alphonsus in honor of the Immaculate Virgin, and all the popular hymns of France and Germany, to the recital of which, apart from the solemn services of the Church, we should not object; but a prayer-book like the Liturgy itself, should not easily admit what has not passed the ordeal of authority. We should vote for the retrenchment of all prayers to Saints which had not the like sanction, and although we might thus deprive the pious of some consolation, the service rendered to religion by removing much that forms a stumblingblock to inquirers, and affords to the enemies of the Church an occasion of calumny, would amply compensate for the sacrifice. Respect

for the Holy See, independently of these important considerations, would determine us unsparingly to excise the numerous Litanies which fill our books, in direct opposition to the constant and actual discipline of the Apostolic See, which up to this moment unrelentingly proscribes all of them, but the ancient Litanies of the Saints, found in the Missals and Breviaries, and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. The devotion which seeks expression in forms condemned by the judgment of the Vicegerent of Christ, cannot be otherwise regarded than as morbid and delusive. We have no confidence in the success of petitions having a black mark from St. Peter.

The French prayer book published at Liege shows that already various Litanies were in vogue besides those sanctioned by the Holy See; of which further evidence is presented in a small work in Latin published at Antwerp in 1697, styled *Sacræ Litanie Variæ*. The jealousy long entertained in France of the exercise of Papal authority, especially through the various Congregations of Cardinals, easily accounts for this apparent disregard of a point of discipline not solemnly urged on the Universal Church by a formal decree of the Pontiff himself. The same may be said in regard to Holland and other countries in which the prohibited Litanies have had a currency. If it be contended that contrary usage, with the knowledge of the Holy See, has abrogated the prohibition, we shall not lose time in disputing the assertion. Were we engaged in adjusting the conscience of a publisher, who has on hand a large supply of prayer-books, all of which contain them, we should not raise a scruple as to his disposal of them in the best way he could, in order to escape a great loss, although they class with prohibited books, whose retention or circulation subjects publishers and purchasers to the penalties of the Index, wherever its laws are in force. Our object here is not to disturb consciences, or demand great sacrifices: it is to challenge respect for a discipline tenaciously adhered to by the Holy See, despite of every contrary usage, and in itself marked with wisdom. The recent application made by the Bishop of Langres proves that a better spirit, manifesting itself in profound reverence for Rome, animates the French hierarchy. Leaving then to others to discuss the obligation of conforming to the law as repeatedly inculcated and still maintained by the actual Pontiff, we content ourselves with urging its expediency, by pointing to the inconveniences, not to say extravagancies which result from its neglect. Our prayer books would be freed from exaggerations which disfigure them, and instead of the inflated epithets which are so freely bestowed on favorite Saints, we should have formularies alike commended by simplicity and antiquity. The reduction of the books themselves to a smaller size would also be no inconsiderable advantage, as rendering them more portable and less ostentatious.

If, however, our publishers choose to give their patrons large manuals, they can find abundant materials, without inserting any prohibited or

exceptionable matter. "The Daily Exercise," placed last on our list, "published by T. V., monk of the holy order of St. Benedict," contains above 500 pages of small duodecimo; yet nothing in it has met our eye to which we would object. It has morning and evening exercises, directions for meditation, exercises on the chief virtues, instructions and devotions for Confession and Communion, and various other practices of piety. Without catering to a vitiated taste a large prayer book can be formed, abounding in instruction and edification.

The remedy of the abuse to which we point attention may be thought to rest with the bishops, who are fully authorized to prohibit any book containing the forbidden Litanies, or other objectionable matter; yet it is easily seen that this exercise of authority cannot be ventured on without great reluctance. The immediate prohibition would subject the publishers to considerable loss, and a provisorial measure to take effect after a time might appear to legalize and sanction what the chief pastor has condemned absolutely and without qualification. A less formal notification of the approved discipline may prepare the way for its general observance, and publishers fully advised of its character may procure some competent clergyman, acquainted with all the decisions that have emanated on the subject, and approved of by the bishop, to make a judicious selection of devotional exercises. Such a prayer book may not all at once be popular; but if religious communities and institutions adopt it to the exclusion of all that contain prohibited matter, it will amply reward the enterprise of the publisher. The religious orders, cherished with such marked affection by the Holy See, will feel bound to respect its ordinances on this point. Confessors will necessarily abstain from enjoining on their penitents any formulary stamped with the disapproval of superiors. The faithful, persuaded that no devotion can prove acceptable to God which the Church rejects as frivolous or dangerous, will cease to use those exercises. Thus a reform may be effected without the sacrifice of any interests and without any odious exercise of authority.

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#### PILGRIMS, ON!

Pilgrims, on! though darkness cover  
All earth's pathway to the tomb;  
Angels o'er that pathway hover  
Mid the deep surrounding gloom.  
Light effulgent gleams above you  
From the throne of glory, where  
Bright seraphic ones who love you,  
Witness all your grief and care.

## OUR CONVENTS.—No. XII.

### LADIES OF THE SACRED HEART.

WE must again turn to the epoch of the suppression of the Society of Jesus and the French revolution. What the great revolt of the sixteenth century was for the northern countries of Europe, this infidel movement has been in the Catholic countries of the south, not overthrowing Catholicity and hypocritically setting up a state mockery to delude the people, but without a mask seeking destruction and plunder.

Religious orders disappear in the close of the last century in France and Germany, and in the present in Spain and its dependencies, Switzerland and Piedmont. The education of youth is lost to religion, and Providence prepares new orders, new societies, ready to resume the new work, full of that active energy that characterizes in their outset those communities which God raises for special ends.

Of the orders instituted within the present century none has obtained a more extended development, or been the occasion of more recognized good than the Sisters, or as they are commonly called the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. None too, we may add, is better known in the United States. Scarcely half a century has elapsed since its origin, its foundress is still the first and only superior, and yet it has covered France with its convents, has its houses in Italy, Belgium, Germany, Spain, Savoy, Poland, the British Isles, Canada, and the United States.

After the suppression of the Society of Jesus, and amid the ruins caused by the French revolution, Fathers of the Society of Jesus, or others filled with the spirit of Saint Ignatius, united in congregations under various names, Fathers of the Faith, Fathers of the Sacred Heart, Associated Priests, &c. Soon instruments of great good wherever liberty was given them, they deplored the want of an order devoted to the education of girls, especially of the middle and higher classes. Several attempted it; and especially Father Tournely, who hoped to find in the Archduchess Mary Anne of Austria, or in the pious princess Louisa of Condé, the foundress of the new congregation; but God had chosen his own instrument in the person of the young and pious Magdalen Sophie Louise Barat.\* Born in 1780 at Joigny in the diocese of Sens, of virtuous parents, she was baptized almost as soon as she was born—so little hopes of life could human judgment discern in one destined to survive the ordinary life of men, and be for nearly half a century the head of a religious order. Her brother Louis acted as her god-father, and fully impressed with the gravity of the obligation which he had assumed, watched carefully over his little sister, imprinting in her mind the principles of solid piety, while

\* Vie du Père Varin—pp. 78-80.



he cultivated her talents and adorned her mind. Embracing the ecclesiastical state, Louis Barat was a deacon at the time of the revolution, and at the fall of Robespierre, was a prisoner in the dungeons of the republic, which, like some of the States of our Union, proclaimed liberty to all, but either confined the Catholic priest or the children of his parish in a dungeon, to cut off one from the other.\* After his release he was ordained in 1795 and joined the Fathers of the Faith. In 1800 Mademoiselle Barat felt called to consecrate herself to God, but there was no religious house in France to which she felt a vocation. Just then Father Barat learned the plans of which we have spoken, and in which Father Varin, then Superior at Paris, was most deeply interested. He offered his sister to Father Varin to be the first member of the order, and that able director soon found that she was indeed fitted to accomplish the design with which God had inspired him, being distinguished by a maturity above her years, of cultivated mind, extensive knowledge, solid judgment, rare prudence, exquisite tact and exemplary piety, and on her part Mademoiselle Barat found in the institute proposed by him the object of her secret desires. "The Almighty would not," says Father Varin, "accept to initiate his work, instruments great in the eyes of the world; but that the glory might be all His own, he chose to base the edifice on simplicity, littleness and nothingness."

The qualities of Mademoiselle Barat filled her admirably for the commencement and government of a new order. Many young ladies joined her as soon as the plan became known, and Father Varin formed them into a community under the name of Ladies of the Sacred Heart in a house at Paris, whence however they soon removed to Amiens, to a house once belonging to the orphans, and which the ladies regard as the cradle of their order. Their rule, temporary at first, was drawn up by Father Varin, who is considered as the founder of the order.

During the first years Father Varin, then Superior of the Faith, entrusted the direction of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart to an ecclesiastic who introduced a new rule and produced a schism in the little congregation. On the separation however, only a few followed the innovator, Madam Barat and the majority adhered to the rules given by Father Varin, who after this crisis in 1814 labored to perfect the rule and gave it its present shape eleven years later. Meanwhile many bishops in various parts, among others the Archbishops of Paris, Cardinal Cheverus, Bordeaux the Archbishop of Chambery, the bishops of Amiens, Grenoble, Poitiers, Quimper, Orleans, Mans and Autun applied to the Holy See for an approval of the new Institute. The sovereign Pontiff Leo XII on the 5th of May 1826, referred the matter to the congregation of bishops and regulars, who after due examination unanimously approved the Constitution and

\* The State of New York for example seizes Catholic children and confines them in Juvenile Asylums, from which it excludes Catholic priests and instruction, but which Catholics are forced by law to support by their taxes.

Rules on the 15th of July, in consequence of which his Holiness by his Bull, *In Supremo*, formally sanctioned the Institute on the 22d of December in the same year.

The Sovereign Pontiff did not limit his good will to this signal mark of his favor. He had become deeply interested in the new order, and as the Church and Convent of Trinita de Monte at Rome was regarded as French, and had been for some centuries served by Minims, of whom only one survived, while the order had ceased in France, Pope Leo XII proposed to the King of France to give it to the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, and they were accordingly installed.\* Subsequent Pontiffs, especially Gregory XVI and Pius IX, have applauded the rule; and the Eternal City now contains three convents of the order.

Father Varin had the happiness of surviving many years this consoling act, and after beholding the sisterhood spreading far and wide, diffusing the blessings of education and piety, especially the devotion to that Sacred Heart to which he was so devout, he died in sentiments of the utmost piety on the 19th of April, 1841.†

The Sisters of the Sacred Heart may be considered as cloistered religious, though not confined to one particular house; they are devoted expressly to the education of girls, including in their duties the gratuitous instruction of the poor. Their rule is based on that of the Society of Jesus: the novitiate lasts for two years, at the end of which the sisters take simple vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. The solemn vows are taken at profession some years later. The dress and veil are black, with a plain white cap, and abroad they wear a cloak and plain black bonnet. The choir sisters wear suspended on the breast a silver cross with the inscription: "*Spes unica, cor unum et anima una in corde Jesu.*"

The Ladies of the Sacred Heart are in form a missionary order, the sisters not being attached permanently to any one convent, but are transferred from one to another, as the Provincial.

The introduction of this order is due to the zeal of the Right Rev. William Dubourg, third bishop of New Orleans, whose diocese included what now forms also the dioceses of Natchitoches, Natchez, Little Rock and St. Louis. Soon after his appointment to the see of New Orleans, whose first bishop had been transferred, whose second died before taking possession, and which had long suffered from neglect, the new prelate applied to the venerable Superior of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, and obtained five members of distinguished merit, who accompanied him to Saint Louis, and founded a convent at Saint Ferdinand, or Florissant, fifteen miles from the city.‡ Three years after this house contained five novices and seven postulants, and directed a thriving seminary and a large

\* Artaud—*Histoire du Pape Leon XII.* II, pp. 141-287.

† For the life and virtues of Father Varin, see his life by Father Achille Guidée. Paris: 1854.

‡ *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi.* I, p. 25.

poor-school.\* This cradle of the order in the United States has recently been closed.

On their passage up the Mississippi the faithful at every point sought to retain them, eager to have their daughters profit by the instructions of such pious and accomplished instructresses, and a zealous lady, Mrs. Charles Smith of Grand Coteau in Louisiana having munificently given means to found a convent there, as her husband had endowed the parish church, three ladies came over from Paris to form a community there.† A few years after a third house was commenced at St. Michael's, Acadia county, Louisiana, where a spacious and beautiful building was prepared for their use by the liberal piety of the clergy and people, inspired and directed by the Rev. C. de la Croix, now Canon of Ghent, then a devoted laborer in the American mission.

This foundation was followed in 1827 by the gift of John Mullanphy, Esquire, of St. Louis, who gave the Ladies of the Sacred Heart a large brick building and twenty-five acres of ground within the city, on condition of their educating a certain number of orphan girls.

\* By 1834 another house had been established at St. Charles, and in 1839 the order numbered in the United States eighty-eight sisters, most of them natives of this country, who had joined it after having been formed by the ladies.‡

The next year, July, 1840, the distinguished Madame Galitzin, provincial of the order, founded a mission and opened an academy among the Pottawatamies on Sugar Creek, a branch of the Osage River, where the Sisters collected fifty children in less than a month, and have continued from then till now to bestow on the daughters of the red man the best instructions that the whites enjoy, forming them to habits of industry and cleanliness, inculcating the truths of religion and such branches of knowledge as are suited to their condition.§

Thus far all the houses of this excellent order were confined to the Mississippi Valley, and to that portion once embraced in the French colony of Louisiana, but it was impossible for an order so in harmony with the age and country, so adapted in its system of education to the actual wants of society, to be confined to the west.

In the plans for the spiritual improvement of his diocese, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes, of New York, sought especially an order to give the highest possible education, and deeming the Ladies of the Sacred Heart best fitted to realize his object, a colony of the religious were sent in 1841 by the Mother General under the guidance of Madame de Galitzin, a cousin of Prince Demitri Galitzin, and like him a convert, like him to die

\* Laity's Directory, 1822, p. 112. U. S. Catholic Almanac, 1839, p. 61.

† Annales de la Prop. de la Foi, II, pp. 25, 32. U. S. Catholic Almanac, 1839, p. 144.

‡ Laity's Directory for 1822, p. 113. U. S. Catholic Almanac, 1839.

§ U. S. Cath. Almanac 1840, p. 119. De Smet—Oregon Missions, p. 165.

in the United States laboring in the cause of Catholicity and truth.\* They first occupied a convent in the city, but removed to Astoria in 1844, and two years after to their present beautifully situated convent at Manhattanville. After leaving the city they continued however, except for a brief interval, their day school, and a second convent now exists in Seventeenth street in a most beautiful location, where an academy of a high order is conducted. Here and at Manhattanville the ladies direct also a gratuitous school for the instruction of poor girls.

The next year Madame Batilde Sallion, with three religious from the mother house at Paris, arrived in Montreal, and on the 27th of December founded their first convent in Canada at St. Jacques l'Achigan near that city: a second house was soon opened at St. Vincent de Paul des Ecores on Laprairie river, and the former house closed. This convent is due almost entirely to the liberality of the parish priests of St. Jacques and St. Vincent, who on this occasion as on so many others, show their zeal for the good of their parishioners.†

The diocese of Philadelphia also sought to have a house of the Sacred Heart, and in 1842 a colony of the Ladies founded a convent at McSherrystown, near the time-honored Jesuit mission of Conewago. This community subsequently removed in pursuit of a more eligible site, and is now located at a beautiful spot called Eden Hall, to which it removed in 1849.

The last named year witnessed also the establishment of a house in the city of Buffalo, followed in 1852 by another at Albany, the latter of which has been quite successful in its academy, while the former community, in consequence of difficulties which it encountered, removed to Rochester in 1855.

Besides these two others arose on the Lake frontier, one in Canada, the other in the United States: these were the convent of Detroit, founded in 1851, by a colony under Madame Trencano, and that of Sandwich, in Canada, just opposite Detroit, founded by a community under Madame de Kersaint in the following year.‡

More recently still a convent has arisen at Halifax, to which the ladies were invited by the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, archbishop of that see.

It will thus be seen that this order is spreading rapidly in the northern dioceses, and it is consoling to add that the number of religious is increased, many vocations constantly occurring among ladies of the highest social rank and attainments, who will maintain the high character of the academies of the Sacred Heart. In consequence of the extension at the north, the houses of the Sacred Heart in the United States, have been divided into two provinces or vicariates, the northern and southern: the mother house of the former being the convent at Manhattanville; of the latter, that at St. Michael's in Louisiana.

\* See an account of her life and conversion in De Courcy's Catholic Church, 421, &

† De la Roche Heron—Les Servantes de Dieu, p. 92.

‡ De la Roche Heron—Les Servantes de Dieu, pp. 93, 94.

There are at present in the United States ten convents, situated respectively at Manhattanville, Albany, Rochester, Eden Hall, St. Michael, Grand Coteau, St. Louis, St. Charles, Sugar Creek, and New York. These institutions contain 350 religious, 41 novices, 811 pupils, 835 free-scholars, and 36 orphans.

Such has been the triumphant course of the Sacred Heart in the United States. The devotion which the venerable Mary Alacocque instituted, which Jansenism sought to crush, has blessed the order, consecrated especially to it, and the little community that landed in America before even the approval of the Holy See, has gone on steadily increasing, like the laughing stream that trickles down the rocks, and swells at last to a mighty river. Nor has its progress satisfied the wants of the faithful; with their many novices and postulants, with sisters from abroad, they are still unable to respond to the invitations which bishops in various parts have addressed to them.

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SPRING.

When Winter's howling, stormy blast,  
With fury on us rolls;  
When virgin snows fly drifting past,  
In mountains from the poles;  
When fierce north-easters clear the street  
Of every living thing,  
O then how much we long to greet,  
The calm and genial Spring.

Ho! Spring approaches—how exact  
The seasons do return,  
Each rising sun proclaims the fact,  
Its beacon signals burn;  
The atmosphere, the woods and lawn,  
Most joyously do ring,  
With sounds peculiar to the dawn  
Of calm and genial Spring.

Then let's be joyful, we who are  
So favored from on high;  
Bow down the head, let humble prayer,  
Ascend above the sky;  
Let's cease awhile our worldly boasts,  
Attune the harp and sing  
Hosannas to the Lord of Hosts,  
Who sends another Spring.

Soon Nature in her richest robe,  
Most glorious will be seen;  
Her hand will spread the entire globe  
With purest, richest green;  
Her softest carpets span the earth,  
She will her mantle fling  
O'er forest, glade, and mountain heath,  
This fast approaching Spring.

[Selected.]

Ye who by sickness are oppressed;  
Ye who on crutches go—  
Jump up, exult, you'll find it best,  
As doth the bounding roe;  
Come out and view the budding trees;  
Your doors and shutters fling  
Wide open, to admit the breeze,  
Of sweet refreshing Spring.

Ye youthful happy nymphs and swains,  
Who like the lamb and fawn,  
Do skip and sport through flow'ry plains,  
Or in the shaded lawn;  
Remember whilst you are at play,  
That death may ply his sting,  
Though in the morning of your day,  
Before another Spring.

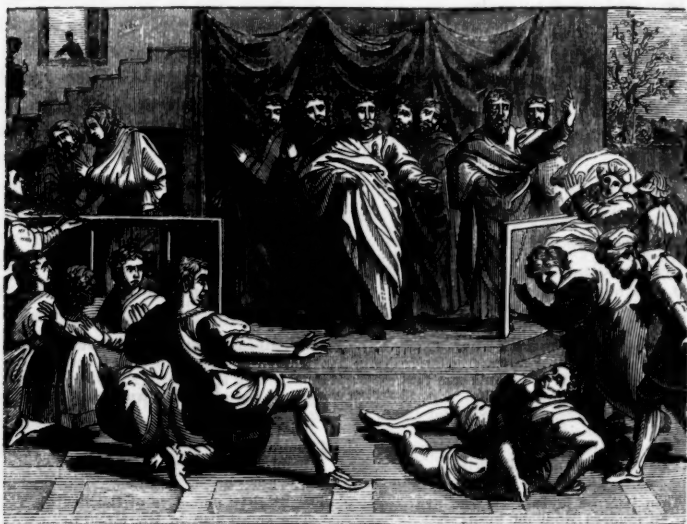
The mighty monsters of the deep,  
The small fish in the stream,  
They too, jump up, and as they leap,  
They praise the great Supreme;  
The Eagle soaring to the sun,  
The small bird on the wing,  
And lark, at day-break hath begun  
To worship God in Spring.

O, breathes there one beneath the skies,  
A man who ever trod  
This earth of ours, and still denies,  
The existence of a God;  
Let such, if such there be, arise,  
And view each happy thing,  
For all that walks, or swims, or flies,  
Must worship God in Spring.

HENRY BRADY.

## THE CURSE OF SACRILEGE.

AMID the constant scenes of sacrilege and spoliation which crimson the page of almost every nation's history, since that dismal sixteenth century, when the adoration of Venus, and Bacchus, and Plutus were restored, if not in name, at least in principle, the minds even of Catholics have become too often insensible to the fearful sin of sacrilege. Many begin to look upon Church property as not differing in any respect from that of individuals, and see nothing very wrong in a government seizing it at will. Strange as it may seem, sacrilege was a rare crime before what some people persist in calling the Reformation. Before that time sanctuaries had been profaned, priests and religious outraged or slain in war or the



DEATH OF ANANIAS.—RAPHAEL.

outburst of violent passions, but it was reserved for the greatest set of hypocrites whom the world has ever beheld, the self-styled reformers, to set at naught what even paganism held sacred, and inaugurate a system of coolly calculated, legal, unblushing sacrilege.

What is church property? Let the lifeless Ananias and Saphira tell. No insult to our divine Redeemer was ever so markedly and instantly punished as this attempt in a donor to withhold what was once given to the Church. Can God err? Can He who chose a life of poverty thus environ the property of His church with its death inflicting barrier, with-



out a motive? What then is church property? Let us ask, what is property? Is the land and chattels all the property of the sovereign or the government, and are the titular owners mere tenants at will? Can the government at any time at its option take back and regrant? Surely not. The government has no power thus to overthrow vested rights or commit on a large scale what in an inferior degree it punishes as a crime. The government is not the original and sole actual owner of property. The property which a government owns it may alien, but once aliened it can no longer any more than an individual resume it. And this between the state and individuals. The same would save the Church from any state usurpation: but the Church property is property given to Almighty God, sanctified to his use, and thus stamped with a peculiar characteristic. It is God's. Our expressive old English called church lands, God's acre: and the government that lays its sacrilegious hands on it draws on itself the curse of God. Baltassar at the banquet, Heliodorus at the temple gate, the terrible judgment of Ananias and his wife, should surely convince us that God holds the property of the Church his own, and will not permit it to be diverted.

England led the way in the work, and only two in a hundred of the families sacrilegiously enriched, now possess the church lands bestowed on them. No such family has ever seen it descend from father to son, from son to grand-son; nay, the very throne itself has never since the crime passed from a monarch to his son and grand-son, in uninterrupted succession. Napoleon's invasion of the rights of the Church sealed his doom; no son sat on his throne, or any of the thrones of his brothers. The work of sacrilege in Spain has borne its fruits of misery; in Sardinia a member of the royal family has fallen with every step made in the career of sacrilege by the present unhappy monarch. The work is not yet consummated. Spain, Portugal even, and Sardinia may yet repent and avert a more terrible judgment. At our very doors, Mexico seeks to imitate their crime. Comonfort and Lerdo rule, but the whole nation will be punished, and the divine vengeance in their ignoble families may escape the pen of history, but it will surely come. There is no pretext there for the seizure of the church property, except the poverty of the government, the result of mismanagement. Were there no sacrilege in the case, the notorious incompetency and profligacy of the government would justify depriving it of the administration, even of its own, and be a bar to its undertaking the administration of the property of others. The government by its very character offers no guarantee that the property will be used for the public good: and how can it, when that property is stained with the awful sin of sacrilege.

Nor has the sin of sacrilege been unavenged even in this country. Sudden and fearful death overtook the most sacrilegious of the destroyers of the Charlestown convent, and of the devastators of Saint Augustine's in Philadelphia. The impious acts passed in some states last year open a

career of legalized sacrilege, which they will not attempt to carry out, for with all their hatred of Catholicity, they will recoil from such an invasion of vested rights, and thus escape the crime of sacrilege with its fearful penalties.

We must not be supposed to be behind the age in thus investing the Church, its ministers and possession, with a kind of immunity and divine protection. No one can consider Cardinal Wiseman as one of weak intellect, and those who think lightly of sacrilege, would do well to read and ponder his essay on the Fate of Sacrilege, and Spelman's History, and fate of sacrilege which evoked it.

God is more ready to reward than to punish, and if his judgments are terrible on those who violate his sanctuary, the widow's mite shows how highly he esteems even the slightest offering made for the "love of His house, and the place where His glory dwelleth." What blessings must flow on those who from their poverty, have ever so liberally contributed to rear temples to the Most High in our land, where no princes or nobles exist, to erect churches of the abundance with which God has blessed them! Surely the heart which lovingly gives, will be lovingly rewarded, as surely as the unloving rapine meets its doom.

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### THE IRISH IN ENGLAND.

IN England as well as in America, the residence of the Irish has long been a fruitful source of discussion; and if we may judge from the general tone of the English press, the presence of the hardy and generous sons of Erin, is regarded with no very friendly eye by their Anglo-Saxon neighbors. And although the Irish from time immemorial have inhabited London, Liverpool and other cities in England in large numbers, they dwell there as a distinct people, and are at the present day as truly "aliens" in race, in religion and feeling, from the great mass of the English nation, as they were three centuries ago. Time has not been able to eradicate the national prejudice that exists against them. Periodically that prejudice is revived, and the Irish residents of England are made the victims of the most furious assaults, similar to those which of late years they have experienced in our own country.

The subject of their residence in England, has supplied the materials of an able article in the January number of the *Dublin Review*, which we abridge for the benefit of our readers. What the *Review* advances in regard to the residence of the Irish in England is so analogous with their residence in America, that we have only to change the name of the nation, and we have the parallel complete. After alluding to the causes of their surprising increase in England, the writer thus proceeds:

"At present they form a large and an increasing portion of the lower population of the country. They are to be found almost everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the land. We can form some idea of the vast multitudes of Irish in England, by bearing in mind that of the Catholic population of the country, which is every day swelling its numbers, the overwhelming majority are natives of Ireland. It was the complaint of the Roman satirist, that go where he would he was sure to meet with a hungry Greek.

"*Græculus esuriens in cœlum, jusseris, ibit.*"

"And we can well imagine a sturdy and phlegmatic Saxon giving wrathful utterance to a similar lamentation with respect to the Irish. You meet them on the highways 'tramping' the country, with a patience and diligence worthy of a more profitable occupation. In the streets of London you encounter light-hearted and happy looking Irish boys, and you cannot but wonder at the strange destiny which has transplanted them from the rural scenes, and the holy wells, and the green fields, and the purple mountains of their native land into the midst of the busy Babylon of the world. The poor girls, who eke out a scanty subsistence by the sale of flowers, are, many of them, natives of Ireland. The stout hodder or bricklayer's laborer has probably come from the county of Cork. The Irish have invaded the ancient trade of the English costermonger, usurped his rights, and carried off a portion of his profits. They are in the arsenal at Woolwich, in the factories at Norwich and Kent, in the farm houses of Essex and Sussex, in the market gardens near London, in the police and the army, and among those valiant sailors who guard our coasts from smugglers and the French. It is some destitute and friendless Irish girl, aged from sixteen to twenty years, who is maid of all work to the humblest class of London shopkeepers, as well as to that low grade of Jewish householders who inhabit the unaristocratic neighborhood of Spitalfields. In a word, the poorer class of Irish is to the rest of the population of England what the Hebrews were to the Egyptians; with this material difference, that whereas the latter inhabited the most favoured part of Egypt, and ate the fatness of the land, the Irish are congregated together in the poorest, the most squalid, the most neglected, and the most destitute corners of our cities, while their food is very often the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table. Or more properly, they are to the English what the Gabaonites were to the Israelites in Canaan; that is to say, they have become, by cruel misfortune, and by hard necessity, 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' to the proud Anglo-Saxon race.

"It is this people, thus scattered throughout the land, and increasing every day in numbers and in importance, although occupying at present, the lowest position in the scale of national estimation, which constitute the immediate and pressing charge of the Church. They are her children, and whatever be their faults or their shortcomings in other respects, at all events they cannot be accused of unfaithfulness to the profession of the Catholic faith. To the Church they have been steadfast, through good report and through evil report; and she has now to take them by the hand, to draw out, and to cultivate the good seed which her sacraments have planted in their souls; to educate them as well socially as religiously, and by means of them, and through them, to impress herself gradually, and favorably, upon the nation at large. It is, therefore, of the first moment, that all who are interested in the extension of the Catholic Church

in England, should devote their very best efforts towards bringing into shape, and order, and discipline, that vast body of Catholics which is comprised within the Irish poor. But, in order to do this with profit, and with effect, we must understand those whom we would wish to influence and to train. The Irish poor form a study by themselves. They have their own modes of thought, their own national character, their own ways of giving expression to their religious feelings, their own habits and their own prejudices. To deal with them to any purpose, we must be able both to understand their national character and their national peculiarities, and to some extent at least, be predisposed to sympathize with their feelings. We confess that whenever we discover in those who have had opportunities of becoming acquainted with them, an inaptitude to understand the Irish poor, and an incapability of appreciating them, we are always tempted to attribute it to one or other of these causes. It may proceed from the absence of that Catholic instinct which no mere education can bestow. Or it may be the result of a certain stiffness and severity of tone, which is to some extent common to the Catholics, no less than to the Protestants, of England; or it may be the effect of a refinement which almost amounts to a disease, which is fastidiously intolerant of all that does not correspond with its own peculiar type of religious propriety, and which is as little at its ease in the churches of Rome or Naples, as in dealing with the poor of Ireland. In addition to their other difficulties, the Irish in this country, as in America, have to contend with a prejudice universal against them. It is useless to deny the existence of such a prejudice, and it would be unfair and untrue to assert that it is founded upon the difference of religion alone. The Catholicity of the Irish, no doubt, magnifies and increases this national prejudice against them; but the prejudice itself existed when the two people were Catholic. It is a prejudice of race, not of religion, and it has its foundation in a natural difference of temperament, character, and disposition. But its effect with those who come in contact with the Irish is too frequently to render them incapable of producing any useful impression upon that people, because, incapable of putting themselves into the position of so different a race, unraveling their modes of thought, and seeing things from their own point of view. Thus they become to each other like men who are speaking in unknown tongues. Each party fails in his attempts to make the other comprehend his meaning, and each departs more and more strengthened and confirmed in his hereditary prejudices—the Irish longing for those who will be able to understand him, and the English more strongly convinced than ever that all Irishmen are impracticable—are in fact nothing better than rogues, vagabonds, and liars.

“Although the large masses of Irish which are to be met with in the great towns of England, are considered even by the lower classes of the English population to occupy a still lower grade in the social system than themselves, yet it can be shown by the most indisputable testimony that there is a remarkable difference between the two classes, so far as religion and as morals are concerned. The faith of the Irish is proverbial, and it is really marvellous. In Ireland, one of the most ancient Catholic countries in Europe, it appears at the present day, in all the freshness and joyousness of a first fervor, blended with the deep and tranquil convictions of a long hereditary Catholicism; and when the Irish poor migrate into this more prosperous country, they carry with them this one treasure, ‘more precious than rubies,’ which, as a body, they never part with. It

is the bond of union which keeps them together, and which supports them under a thousand trials and temptations. It is neither a barren nor a dead faith, but the key which unlocks the doors of their hearts, and the spring which, in a certain sense, controls their thoughts and their actions. Of the Irish in England, as at home, it may be asserted with perfect truth, that they 'live by faith.' They are in a peculiar and a striking way a supernatural people. They never lose sight of the unseen world. God and His Mother, and the Saints, are ever present with them. The Invisible is inseparably mixed up with their modes of speech as well as with their habits of thought. Were an angel from heaven in human form to enter one of the lordly palaces of London, when the town is crowded with the great and noble of the land, what reception would he encounter from those who know no superiors in the refinement of manners, and in material civilization? There can be no doubt that he would find himself very much out of place in the costly mansions of Belgrave and Grosvenor squares. Here and there, indeed, he might fall in with a stray convert lately reconciled to the Church, or he might meet with the scions of some ancient family, which had never abandoned the Catholic faith; but these encounters would be too few and far between to remove the uncomfortable strangeness of his position. For he would find himself in the midst of a class, rich in everything that this life can bestow, but miserably poor in all that relates to the life to come. He would find himself among a people wholly given up to the idolatry of the world; and he would discourse to them in an unknown tongue, and offend their taste, were he to begin and speak concerning the objective glory of God, to tell them of the rays of ineffable brightness which encircle the brows of the Madonna, of the happiness of the saints, of the holy souls continually passing from their temporary state of purgation into the eternal Presence of God, and of others yet detained in this sacred prison house, and 'out of the depths' crying to their brethren upon the earth, to aid them by their alms and their prayers. But let him leave behind him all that grandeur and that magnificence, on which the world sets so high a value, and from the aristocratic halls of Belgravia let him pass to the crowded dens of the 'mere Irish,' and here—strange as it may appear—the angel and companion of the Most High will find himself at home. It is true that he will have to put up with the offensiveness of the Cork or the Connaught brogue, with no small amount of dirt, and with a total absence of 'respectability;' but angels being unlike men, can better tolerate these little vulgarities. The angel of God will feel at home, not with the highest, but with the lowest of our vast population. In the Irish courts he will be understood and appreciated, if he collect the poor people around him, and tell them of God, of Mary, and the Saints. Their Catholic instinct will detect in a moment the true messenger from heaven. Every ear will be eager to hear the tidings of the world unseen, and as his narrative increases in interest, many an eye will be moistened with a half-repressed tear of joy, and many a breast will throb with real emotion, and fervent will be the prayers for his blessing, and loud the acclamations of 'Glory be to God,' 'Praised be His holy Name,' and 'the heavens be your bed.'

"Any one who is practically acquainted with the Irish poor knows how intimately religion and the faith forms the great idea of their lives. They are essentially a religious people, and their religion is the faith of the Holy Catholic Church. It would be impossible for them as a body, unless they become radically changed and corrupted, ever to become Pro-

testants. They possess that quality of mind, which is a characteristic of all Catholic countries, but which perhaps in its highest development distinguishes the Spaniard and the Italian—namely, a theological cast of mind, which penetrates to the root of Catholic dogma, and sees clearly the impossibility of the truth of any other religion than the Catholic. The poor in this country, even more than at home, live in the midst of controversy. Wherever English and Irish work together, whether in the fields, the gardens, the dockyards or the factories, the Catholic religion is sure to be the subject of conversation, and the priest and the blessed Virgin the favorite objects of attack. Yet who ever heard of an Irishman giving an inappropriate answer?

"One of the most favorite objects of attack, in the daily controversies between Protestant and Catholic, is the priest. He bears in his person the reproach of Christ. Every eye is directed towards him with an unfriendly or an inquisitive glance, as he passes along the streets, and every tongue is filled with his reproach. In England, more than in any other part of the civilized world, the Catholic priest has reason to feel the force and the consolation of our Saviour's words, 'If the world hate you, ye know that it hateth me before you.' Now there is nothing which more readily excites the fiery zeal and anger of the Catholic poor (and at the best of times they are very 'near their passion'), than this incessant, never ending abuse of the priest. The Irish retain the most profound veneration for the Sacerdotal office and character. This veneration is in no way the effect of superstition, nor is it a mere personal feeling of attachment. It is strictly theological. They see in the priest a man clothed with the greatest, the most awful, and withal the most benign power which God ever committed to man. They see in him one on whose soul is stamped the seal and character of that eternal Priesthood which is according to the order of Melchisedech, and they regard him as such. To them the priest is the 'man of God,' as the prophets were to the devout Israelites of old. As the 'man of God' he is received with all the welcome of an Irish heart. As 'the man of God' his blessing is eagerly and devoutly coveted; and in case of accident and sickness his benediction is more eagerly sought than the remedies of the doctor, and is often more effectual in working a cure. One might almost fancy that those early Christians, who laid the beds of their sick in the streets, in order that the shadow of Peter passing by, might overshadow them, or who brought aprons and handkerchiefs from touching St. Paul's body to lay upon the sick that they might recover, were natives of the Emerald Isle:—so identical is their Catholic instinct, their mutual neglect of all the laws of respectability, and their complete carelessness of what was due to themselves and to society—displayed, as it was, by such acts of bad taste, as dragging afflicted people in their beds into the public streets, and stripping themselves in their very churches and 'upper rooms' of neckcloths and aprons!

"It is natural, indeed, that some personal feeling should be mingled with this theological perception of the Sacerdotal character. The priest is the father and the friend to whom they naturally turn in all their cares and sorrows. He is a friend long tried and never found wanting. He has been for centuries almost the only person above their own condition in life upon whose disinterestedness they could place the most perfect reliance. For their sakes he has not hesitated to brave sickness or death, and what is often much harder to be borne—the scorn, contempt, and



hatred of the world. He has protected them from assaults upon their religion, and he has dared to vindicate their social and their civil rights. He has stood between them and their oppressors, and he has brought down the malice of the powerful upon his own head, in order to screen from injustice his hapless flock. No wonder, therefore, that the hearts of the poor should beat with joy as the priest's footstep is heard to approach their lowly abodes; no wonder that they should shower down a thousand blessings upon his head in return for his Sacerdotal benediction; and no wonder that their countenances should light up with joy as he gives them a kind and a friendly recognition. As in other countries, the little children run up to kiss the priest's hand as he passes by their dwelling, so even in the midst of Protestant London, the priest is instantly recognised by the Catholic children of Ireland, who vie with each other who shall be the first to give a glad and hearty salutation to "his rivirince." But whatever thoughts of home, or sudden emotions of joy at encountering a real and genuine friend in the midst of the cold atmosphere of a great Protestant city, may indeed be mixed up with the habitual veneration of Irish Catholics for their priest, these mere human feelings are not sufficient to account for the respect universally shown to them. Its root lies deeper. They see in the priest the anointed of the Lord; and it is not for any personal reason, but on account of his spiritual consecration and character that he occupies so elevated a place in their religious minds. And it is perfectly consistent with this view of the reverence which an Irishman feels for his priest, that he should often exhibit a preference for the priests of his own country over those of any other. They naturally understand his habits of thought, and modes of expression in a way in which no foreigner can understand them; and they thus command an amount of personal confidence on his part, which is a legitimate addition to the reverence felt for him in his Sacerdotal character.

"It has been often remarked that the poor make far greater sacrifices to assist one another, and are more liberal and charitable than the rich. This, as a general rule, applies the poor of all religions, and is, in its measure, as true of the Protestant as of the Catholic. Examples frequently occur, even among the English poor, of great kindness to their neighbor in the hours of sickness and distress. We have known instances in which the greatest tenderness and attention was shown to sick neighbors, by the English poor, attended even with imminent risk to their own lives; and where acts of affection and charity were performed which were worthy of a Catholic people. But the Catholic poor from Ireland are without question pre-eminent for their charity and benevolence one to another. They will never send away a poor man from their doors without giving him something for the love of God.

"But the charity of the Irish Catholic poor is not restricted to aiding the necessities of their poorer relatives and neighbors. From their scanty and precarious earnings they give largely and liberally to the service of religion. They support our priests and build our churches. Speaking relatively, they give far more than the rich in retributions for masses, and in other acts of almsgiving. . . . Many will remember instances in which the poor have hoarded up money, amounting sometimes to large sums, that they might have it laid out in the adornment of the Altar of God, or bestowed in some other way in promoting His glory; and no greater affront could be offered to them than a refusal to accept these gifts. In fact, the greatest blow and heaviest discouragement which could

befall the Church in this country, would be the withdrawal from it of the Irish poor. It is very well to have rich people; they are of great utility, if they are really good and generous, and their reward hereafter will be abundant; but after all, it is the poor who constitute the real bulwark of the Church. They support it by their prayers, by their faith, by their patience, by their sacrifices, by their sufferings, and by their generous offerings from scanty and hard-earned wages."

Having thus spoken of the condition of the Irish poor in England, of that love of their religion, and that generous charity and hospitality, which form a peculiar feature in their character wherever they are found, the writer proceeds to notice the faults with which they are charged. The crimes, of which they are guilty, he shows are for the most part the result of their condition, and the circumstances by which they are surrounded, and takes notice of the fact, that their children, owing to the inability or neglect of the parents to provide for their education or religious instruction, too often grow up in ignorance and vice, and are thereby lost to the Church, a truth, as much to be deplored in this country as in England. He bears ample testimony to the great superiority of the morals of the Irish poor, in comparison with the morals of the same class of their English neighbors, and in this he is sustained even by the testimony of Protestant writers.

The writer then proceeds to account for certain virtues, which form so bright an ornament in the character of the Irish female, in the following words:

"There are certain kinds of sin which are almost wholly unknown among them. A young woman dreads nothing so much as bringing disgrace upon herself and upon her family. Mothers in general take great care of their daughters in this respect. Their elders and companions in the same court or village, counsel, advise, and watch over them, should they be living with strangers and apart from their immediate relations. They will endeavor to keep them at home in the evenings, restrain them from frequenting the low theatres and other places of amusement, and caution them against keeping company with the loose 'English' around them. Rarely does it happen that an Irish girl forms any improper connection previous to her marriage; and more rarely still is there any infidelity in the married state. In a word, before an Irish Catholic girl has lost her self-respect, and plunged into vice, she must have broken through some of the most powerful restraints, both of religion and of association. She must long have neglected the ordinary duties of the Catholic life—her prayers, mass, confession, and communion. She must have exhibited an obstinate and disobedient spirit towards her parents, joined with a contemptuous disregard of their admonitions and authority, not very usual with the Irish. She must have disconnected herself from all her well conducted associates and companions. She must have done no little violence to her own deep-seated knowledge of duty and sense of right; and she must have had the effrontery to fly in the face of that 'public spirit,' which on all these matters exists to a very high degree among the Irish Catholic poor.

"Nor can it be maintained that this remarkable purity of the Catholic poor can be ascribed to causes which are purely natural. We are sometimes told by those who cannot deny the facts, and yet strive to avert their force, that this absence of purity in the women of Catholic Ireland, is the result of a natural coldness of temperament in the character of the race. But nothing can be more preposterous than such an hypothesis. It is destitute of the faintest support in experience or fact. For, in the first place, human nature is always substantially the same, and to no sins is it more naturally inclined than to the sins of the flesh. And secondly, the Irish are an imaginative, and irascible, and, as is often said, an unstable people; and surely, these are the very qualities which, more than any others, predispose to sins against purity. Lastly, the Irish are, virtually, the same race as the Welsh. They belong to different branches of the same Celtic stock; and yet the Welsh are known to be the most immoral people in Europe, excepting, perhaps, the Swedes. No. It is no difference of race or temperament which has created this remarkable feature in the Irish character. It is not radical or national. It is religious. It is the Catholic faith which makes them, as a body, chaste and pure. It is the tone of mind formed by the Catholic religion, the restraints imposed by her teaching and control, the innocence cherished by her sacraments,—it is this, and this alone, which makes the Irish coster-girl of London differ from her Protestant companions in trade, and the Irish woman in general, simple and pure, in the midst of surrounding vice and filthiness."

Here we close our extracts from this truly able and interesting article; and as the object of the writer seems to have been to lessen and remove that prejudice, which exists in England against the Irish, their religion, and their country, may we not hope that the perusal of the foregoing extracts may serve the same good purpose in our own favored land.

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**PERSIA.**—Persia is in general a mountainous country. Desert plains, however, occupy a great portion of the south, which is almost destitute of wood; while the north abounds in trees of the largest and finest description. The climate is cold in the north, temperate in the middle, and extremely warm in the south. The soil for the most part is barren, being mountainous and sandy. Wheat, rice, and the finest fruits are the chief productions. The animals are, horses of great beauty; sheep, remarkable for their length of tail; the lion, leopard, bear, and wild boar. The manufactures consist principally of carpets, goat and camel hair cloths, silks, brocades, and velvets.

The Gospel was first announced to the Persians by St. Matthew and St. Bartholomew. In the fourth century the church of Persia sustained three sanguinary persecutions, under Sapor II; during which more than 1,600 of her children sealed their faith with their blood. The number of Catholics in Persia at present is estimated at 9,000; of Armenians, 25,000; of Protestants, 1,000; and of Jews, 35,000. Mahometanism is the religion of the state. The Persians are generally robust, well-formed, and of swarthy complexions. They are cheerful, polite, and hospitable, but passionate and inconstant. The government is a despotic monarchy.—*From the Christian Brothers' Geography.*

## SILVA; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LORENZO.

(Translated from the French.)

### CHAPTER III.

WE arrived at Castle Grove just seventeen days after Mr. Kennelly and Silva; they had prepared everything for our reception. An ancient chapel, neglected from the time this manor came into possession of Lord B., who professed the Anglican religion, was soon fitted up and adorned for the celebration of the holy sacrifice. Silva found at Castle Grove Sir Lois, a young man, an orphan, and protege of Lord B., his guardian. This latter, before setting out for Bath, had remitted to him his estate, an inheritance that scarcely sufficed for his maintenance, though the wise administration of the guardian had increased it one-third; he also apprised him of the approaching arrival of Lord Walsingham, and enjoined him to leave the castle before this period.

Sir Lois was not in a hurry to leave an abode in which he had dwelt from his infancy, he therefore waited for Silva, received him with great cordiality, and prayed him to allow him to retain his apartments some weeks longer, until he could select a residence in the neighborhood. Silva begged him not to inconvenience himself; he knew the generosity of Lord Walsingham. Besides, Sir Lois was a Protestant. The hope, that the Divine Goodness probably designed this way to save this young man, prepossessed him greatly. He prevented Sir Lois by all those external marks of affectionate charity, which distinguish the Roman Catholic religion; and, whilst everything was being arranged in the castle for our reception, he visited, individually, in the village, all those reduced to indigence and unhappiness. The Catholic peasantry, still numerous, were, for the most part, in a state of frightful misery. Lord B., though very charitable, had the weakness to favor only those of his own communion, with a view, perhaps, to attract those who were still attached to the ancient faith. Whatever might have been his motives, it is certain the Catholics were in utter destitution, when the news of the arrival of Lord Walsingham, a zealous Catholic, came to re-animate their confidence in their good God, who tries, but never abandons his own.

Silva, very far from thinking like Lord B., was penetrated with tender compassion for the erring children, who had strayed from the bosom of the primitive Church; his most cherished hope was to bring back many by rendering virtue and religion amiable to them, and loading them with benefits; he promptly gave assistance to the Catholic families, and assured the others that the favors they were accustomed to receive from Lord B., should be continued, and that they should be retained in their employments. A few days sufficed to make him the idol of the hamlet, and to increase the desire which the peasants had for the arrival of the father of their young friend. Silva made great preparations for a charming fête on the anniversary of Lord Walsingham's birth-day, which, in consequence of our delay, came on the day after we reached Castle Grove.

Sir Lois, thinking to pay court to Silva, explained to him all the different kinds of amusement Lord B. was accustomed to bring together on similar occasions; he spoke of fire-works, illuminations and theatrical representations, for which comedians and itinerant players were brought from Oxford. Silva smiled, and without either approving or blaming, simply remarked, that Lord Henry's tastes were not the same as those of Lord B., but added gaily, I doubt not that you will enjoy quite as much the fête I propose. With the approbation of Mr. Kennelly, he hastened to arrange everything. We arrived about five o'clock in the evening—Silva came to meet us; and addressing his father with that respectful submission, which charmed me continually in the midst of his most amiable gaiety, he spoke of Sir Lois with that simple, touching, and persuasive eloquence, which would have won a soul less generous than Lord Walsingham's.

I was moved and deeply penetrated with the affectionate manner he afterwards spoke of the misfortunes of the inhabitants of a country involved in heresy. The loveliness of his faith and all the sensibility of his heart, shone in his discourse. Henry praised the exertions of his son, and approved of all he had done. We visited our apartments, which were well furnished and well selected. Then we took supper together. Afterwards prayers were said in the chapel by Mr. Kennelly, at which all were present except Sir Lois. Lord Walsingham took him aside after prayers, offered to be to him the friend and protector he had had in Lord B., entreating him to remain at Castle Grove until he had decided what state of life to choose, whether the profession of arms, marriage, &c. For these advantageous offers, he required only two conditions, that of never allowing himself any conversation on the subject of religion in presence of Edmund or Silva, under any pretext whatever; to lead a regular life at the castle, free from any act directly contrary to the Catholic religion, and not permit himself to be present at any spectacle at which some member of Lord Walsingham's family did not assist. Sir Lois promised everything with gratitude.

Henry returned, related to us this arrangement, and added, "It is not an irrevocable engagement, and if I could fear that the society of this young man, whom I do not yet know, could injure my children in the least, I would not hesitate a moment to remove him." Then addressing his sons, he said, "I expect from the attachment of both of you, that you will never receive any confidence from him that must be kept secret from me." Both promised to comply with his injunctions: the Count then recommended himself to our prayers. "To-morrow," said he, "will be the anniversary of my birth: I shall be forty-two years old. We will have a little feast later, when we shall have been better settled."

Silva smiled without answering, and made a sign to Edmund to come to his room after they would have retired: and, indeed, I very soon heard the young Marquis of Rosline who came to his cousin's room, which was between mine and Mr. Kennelly's. I felt great satisfaction in listening to their conversation. Silva first told him all he had done and projected, informing him of the number of Catholic families, who exceeded the Protestants by one-third.

"I have a proposition to make to you," said he afterwards; "it is to share with me the care of the poor, as you did at Rosline Castle. If you will take charge of the Catholics, as your age entitles you to more money than me, I will take care of the Protestants, if Lord Walsingham agrees to it."

Edmund embraced his friend; then they talked of the secret preparations for the feast of Lord Henry, until late at night. Edmund then slipped out quietly from his cousin's chamber. Silva remained an hour longer in prayer. The next day the fête was delightful, and took Lord Walsingham completely by surprise. The weather was superb, and permitted them to have everything prepared in the open air, and in a vast circular saloon in the centre of the garden. Everything was decorated with garlands of green, with the name of Henry surrounded with devices and complimentary wishes. The Count, conducted by Edmund and Silva, was received in the saloon prepared by the notable, the notary, and the physician. They immediately took their seats at table; it was near twelve o'clock—a splendid breakfast was served; at the same time the village musicians were grouped around the saloon, and the peasants were assembled on the surrounding plain. Mr. Bills, the notable, eighty years of age, an amiable and lively old gentleman, enjoyed himself with the young people, and knew how to make himself equally agreeable and be loved by them. Edmund and Silva sang together, he united with them, and made a bass, which he kept up with taste and in good time. The villagers had their hats decked with ribbons and flowers; they were arranged in two groups, the women on one side and the men on the other. The Count of Walsingham, much affected, came in the midst of them, with that noble affability which touches and gains the heart; and we walked about a long time among these good villagers. Silva made his father enter into some of the cabins, whose infirm were not able to be present at the feast. On our return to the castle, we found in the avenues, tables erected and a feast prepared. The peasants were seated on the turf, where they were served with more than a rural repast: fruits, wine and meats; the musicians eat with us; afterwards forty young children, the poorest of the village, came and presented verses to Count Henry, sung by four of the most interesting of the band, all united in a chorus expressive of their good wishes and gratitude. Silva had had them clothed from head to foot with the money destined for the fire-works; and the verses, which he had composed himself, showed in a particular manner, the superiority of the charms of benevolence to fleeting pleasures, which leave behind them neither merit nor pleasant remembrances. After the repast Mr. Kennelly said grace; a profound silence reigned throughout the assembly; I was distracted by the sobs of Silva, who wept beside me. When we had finished, I asked him the cause.

"Alas!" said he, "there is more than a third of these unfortunate beings who are not of our communion, and many, without doubt, that we will not meet in eternity, which is our only hope. When we reflect, that but half a century since, one and the same faith gathered them under its wings, what heart is not broken."

I participated in Silva's painful reflection, and squeezed his hand without answering.

Afterwards there was a kind of lottery, to which a member from each family was invited. Mr. Kennelly, who directed it and drew the prizes, distributed them so that each one got something; the tickets were prepared by Silva, whose delicate attention had provided, by this ingenious trick, for the different wants of several honest and unfortunate villagers, who in this manner seemed to obtain by chance, such objects as it would have mortified them to receive as gifts. When they were about to retire, Mr. Kennelly made a little discourse to the peasants. He represented to



them the charms of virtue, the honor of religion, blessed God for general and particular favors, and finished by a touching evening prayer, in which the entire village joined. We knelt, the Catholics imitated us, the others stood up, forming a striking contrast of the difference of their worship. We returned to the castle, and they went to their homes delighted and loaded with the benefits of Lord Walsingham, and unanimously blessing his arrival at Castle Grove.

## CHAPTER IV.

We were soon like old acquaintances with Mr. Bills and Mr. Moore, the latter was the physician; Lord Walsingham had known him ten years before, during a short sojourn with Lord B. The doctor was at that time attached to the reformation, and it was with real satisfaction that Henry found him a Catholic; he complimented him on the subject. Mr. Moore sighed.

"I am too happy," said he, "to have discovered the truth, though Heaven has employed better remedies to heal the wounds of the soul. I will bless it all the days of my life."

"It is thus," replied Lord Henry, "that what we call afflictions in this life, and they are so in effect, as regards our inclinations and our schemes of happiness, are really always in the end and well considered, but the light of the flambeau of faith, precious and rare favors from heaven." "You are a happy father, my Lord," replied Mr. Moore; "your Silva has not, perhaps, his equal; what equality of disposition! what delicacy in his manner of exercising charity! and what submission in all his conduct! Virtue shines in him at an age, when the greater part of young persons do not even know how to esteem it. He is very young, and you, sir, are very indulgent; but I have had the happiness of meeting two respectable ecclesiastics, who have educated Edmund and Silva."

"It is to their cares that I owe the preservation of the good and virtuous principles, with which God has endowed these children. Mr. Kennelly alone is engaged in it since my departure from Scotland, where I left Mr. Billingham. The greater number of parents are too indifferent about the choice of those to whom they confide their children; they make no account of the divine vocation, the disengagement from human interests, which render the teachings of ecclesiastics so precious; they expect the same zeal from mercenaries, and are afterwards astonished at their misplaced confidence."

Mr. Moore then acknowledged to Lord Walsingham that he had embraced the ecclesiastical state, but on account of the great number of the reformed, he exercised his ministerial functions secretly, and, as a physician, he had access to many heretics, whom he converted at the hour of death. Lord Henry was charmed at this discovery; they parted amicably.

"This Mr. Moore," said Silva, who joined his father at the moment of their separation, "is a very estimable man; he was a physician, and since his conversion he has been employed only in the performance of good works; he takes care of all the poor in the village; he watches over them, and when they are Catholics, he does not leave them until he restores peace both to soul and body. With a very small fortune he does so much good, that the peasants think him much richer than he is; but he knows how to sacrifice his own comfort to oblige and relieve his neighbor."

Whilst Silva was speaking, I was reflecting with admiration on the nobility of Christian humility, which esteeming itself ignorant and despising itself, remarks and extols the most trifling virtues in others; Mr. Moore had just spoken with enthusiasm of him, who a few moments afterwards, rehearsed, with a holy envy, merits of which he considered himself quite destitute. The two young friends very soon devoted themselves entirely to the most tender care of the unfortunate; they arranged with Mr. Kennelly the time of their studies, and reserved for walking and recreation their visits to the village, each one going on his own errand of mercy alone, continually concealing from each other their delicate cares, and anxious, if possible, to hide them from themselves. I became deeply attached to the son of Lord Walsingham; the defects of Sir Lois gave a double lustre to his virtues by exercising them continually; a few days sufficed to prove that he would never agree with Edmund, who was as quick, fiery and irascible, as he was sensitive, refined and benevolent. The young Marquis of Rosline could not pardon Sir Lois, who was without education, interested from a habit of forced privations, little susceptible of gratitude and sentiment, and possessed of none of those rare qualities, which he believed to be entirely natural, but which most frequently depend on the first lessons, examples and solicitude, of those who direct our early years.

Sir Lois, loaded with the bounties of Lord Walsingham, lodged and treated as a child of the house, without any remuneration on his part, conciliated his benefactor without giving him either his love or his confidence; timid and reserved in his presence, he forgot himself when he was alone with his children, and took every occasion to contradict and blame them. The Marquis of Rosline gave him to understand, from the beginning, that he would not suffer such conduct, hence they treated each other with stiff formality. Lord Walsingham, who watched tenderly over his nephew, perceived what was passing, but he made no remark, not being sorry that Edmund had an opportunity of learning to live in peace with a difficult character. As to Silva, he opposed an inexhaustible goodness and meekness above all proof to the malignant raileries of Sir Lois, who incessantly contradicted him, always asking favors of him, or borrowing money, which he never refused him. Sir Lois saw with envy the good he did in the village, he could not pardon him his liberalities, of which he wished to be the only recipient. Lord Walsingham, who suspected Sir Lois was borrowing money from his son, positively forbade him to lend any more. Silva obeyed; and with a firmness, full of sweetness and delicacy, refused him a few days after in my presence.

During a walk we were taking together. Sir Lois, who constantly found some new pretext to avail himself of Silva's generosity, said to him that he had a mind to make a little trip to the city.

"I did not bring with me my purse," added he, "would you lend me two guineas?"

"I would do it with pleasure," replied Lord Silva, "but I have only a small sum about me, which I owe in the village."

I believe he spoke of a gift he intended for some indigent person, which he always called a sacred debt.

"Do me the favor," said Sir Lois, "to ask it of Edmund as if it were for yourself."

"I am sorry to refuse you," replied Silva, "I have sometimes borrowed money of my brother, but of late I have made an invariable resolution

neither to borrow nor lend money to any one; when the condition of the unhappy demands assistance, I prefer to give it; it is then neither a loan nor a gift, since it is due to them from every individual that has power to assist them. I declare to you," added he, smiling amicably, "that when I thus oblige my friends, I do not like them to return what I have offered them; and in examining thoroughly this gratification, I have seen that I could not indulge in it to the prejudice of the indigent, to whom I really owe all that is not absolutely necessary to me. This consideration is more than sufficient to prohibit me."

He then pressed Sir Lois so affectionately to remain with us, that he easily turned him from his pretended jaunt to the city.

Meanwhile, Silva became every day more retired; it frequently happened that he performed in the morning his task of studies for the whole day; from that time he was seen no more till dinner and supper. Lord Walsingham, whom the affairs of Lord B. called often to Oxford, remarked less than I did the conduct of his son. Mr. Moore, who, of all the inhabitants of the village, came oftenest to Castle Grove, was inseparable from Silva, whom he tenderly loved. Mr. Kennelly began to fear that he would deprive him of the confidence of his pupil; he spoke to me of it confidentially—I promised to sound Silva, who was particularly devoted to me, and to endeavor to discover the cause of the deep reflections in which we saw him so frequently plunged.

The day after this conversation, Mr. Moore announced to us that he would be absent for some weeks; business called him to W——. When he took leave of us, Silva went out with him and conversed with him a long time in the avenue; he gave him a letter and returned.

"Have you commissions to give Mr. Moore," said Edmund; "do you know any one at W——?"

Silva colored.

"No one," said he; "but as this town is near Carlisle, I requested him to go there to see Lady O'Dell."

The name of his sister made a great impression on Mr. Kennelly.

"Did you write to her then?" said he to Silva.

"No, sir," said he. "I would not have done it without apprizing you of it."

"I thought that having consulted Mr. Moore, would have sufficed to you," said Mr. Kennelly, smiling.

A crimson blush covered Silva's face, and tears glistened in the expressive looks he gave Mr. Kennelly; then he cast down his eyes without replying.

"Have I given you pain, my dear Silva?"

"I would be sensibly wounded, if you could believe that you no longer possess my confidence, which is due to you, and which it is so sweet to me to give you."

To be continued.

## MISCELLANEA.

### SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

**THE TOLERANT SPIRIT OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.**—The spirit of the Catholic Church is not one of persecution and violence. The weapons of her apostles and missionaries have always been patience, meekness, forbearance even unto death, peaceable instruction, and above all, the living and irresistible eloquence of a pure and unspotted life. Christ sent his apostles as lambs among wolves, and in the conflict against the pagan world, which lasted for three centuries, we truly see them in the light of lambs with regard to the heathens, who, without hearing them, consigned them by thousands to slaughter. Although their large number must have apprised them of their strength, they never entertained the thought of rising in a body against the Roman emperors; they remembered the doctrine and the example of their Divine Master, and they acted accordingly.

The first Christian emperor, Constantine the Great, was far from retaliating upon the heathens the rigor which his predecessors had exercised against the Christians. However great was his zeal for the diffusion of the true religion, in which he had been instructed by Catholic bishops, he did not so much as attempt to compel, but contented himself with mildly exhorting his subjects to embrace it, and even gave orders that no one should be in the least annoyed on account of his religion. See *his life* by Eusebius, b. II, ch. 47, 48, etc.

Another Christian emperor, Honorius, having in 410 passed very severe edicts to repress the horrid excesses and cruelties of the Donatists in Africa, St. Augustine and other orthodox prelates exerted all their influence to mitigate in favor of those wretched people the severity of the law, and to procure their conversion by instructions and conferences, rather than let their bodies perish by capital punishment. We learn from Possidius, the disciple and friend of St. Augustine, in the life of this holy doctor, that they had the satisfaction to succeed in their charitable undertaking.

Pope St. Leo the Great, who lived at a time when the Church was attacked by very dangerous enemies, speaking of the Manicheans, the worst of all, says that "the ecclesiastical lenity was content, even in this case, with the sacerdotal judgment, and avoided all sanguinary punishments." A remarkable fact had recently proved the truth of his assertion. It was against a branch of these sectarians, the Priscillians, that the secular arm first exerted its severity, at Triers, under the emperor Maximus, about the year 385. This event served to show how adverse the Catholic Church is to the bloody spirit of persecution: Pope St. Siricius, and the most holy prelates of the West, blamed the rigor that had been exercised against the Priscillians, and the two bishops Ithacius and Idacius, who had obtained their condemnation in a civil court, were themselves condemned for that very reason in the councils of Milan (A. D. 390) and of Turin (401).

When Ethelbert, king of Kent, was converted to the true religion by the apostle of England, St. Austin, he had a great desire that all his subjects should, like him, embrace Christianity; but, as venerable Bede relates, he did not compel any one to do so, because he had learned from the Roman missionaries that the service of Christ ought to be voluntary. Pope St. Gregory the Great, by whom these holy missionaries were sent to England, evinced on many other occasions his firm adherence to this mild spirit of Christianity. Writing to the bishop of Terracina, who had used some violence against the Jews, he said: "It is by mildness and exhortations, not by threats and terror, that the infidels must be induced to become Christians;" and again, to a patriarch of Constantinople: "This is indeed a very strange way of preaching, which enforces the true faith by ill-treatment!" Such were the principles and the constant doctrine of that holy pontiff.

St. Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux, and the brightest ornament of his age, having learned that a fanatical preacher exhorted the people to murder the Jews as enemies of

Christianity, opposed him with all the force of his eloquence, and rescued these devoted victims from the danger which threatened them. Pope Clement VI, in a similar crisis of popular fury, hastened to forbid, even under penalty of excommunication, any violence to be offered to them either in their persons or in their property; and it is well known in general that the Jews never enjoyed great protection than under the Roman Pontiffs; so much so, that the city of Rome, where they occupy a separate quarter, with mere precautions of police, has been proverbially called *the Paradise of the Jews*.

Robertson, in his *History of America*, renders full justice to the zeal and charity of the Spanish ecclesiastics in favor of the Indians of San Domingo, at the time when these unhappy people were harshly treated by their conquerors. "The missionaries," says he, "in conformity to the mild spirit of that religion which they were employed to publish, early remonstrated against *this conduct*." Besides the Dominican fathers, and the zealous Bartholomew Las Casas, whose exertions in that noble cause are so justly renowned, the monks of St. Jerome also "neglected no circumstance that tended to mitigate the rigor of the yoke; and by their authority, their example and their exhortations, they labored to inspire their countrymen with sentiments of equity and gentleness towards the Indians. (*b. iii, ad ann. 1517*).

In the fifth book of his work, the same historian relates that Cortez having resolved, in his march towards Mexico, to destroy by open force the altars and the idols of the Tascalans, was checked in his inconsiderate design by Father Olmedo, a chaplain to the expedition. This venerable man "represented that religion was not to be propagated by the sword, or infidels to be converted by violence; that other weapons were to be employed in this ministry, namely, patient instruction and pious example. . . . The remonstrances of an ecclesiastic no less respectable for wisdom than virtue, had their proper weight with Cortez. He left the Tascalans in the undisturbed exercise of their own rites, requiring only that they should desist from their horrid practices of offering human victims in sacrifice."

**THE GRAVE OF STEUBEN.**—About five miles from the village of Steuben, and in the town of that name, is the grave of Baron de Steuben. In a five acre woodland, on a hill, and fenced in, so that the field cannot be entered, quietly rest the remains of the Prussian patriot and hero. The grave is in the middle of the wood, and was once covered by a monument, a plain slab, with the following simple inscription: "Major General Frederick William Augustus Baron de Steuben." We visited the grave a few days since, and found the monument tumbled down and things going to decay. It was an unpleasant sight to stand by the grave of that great man, and think how negligent our country has been of her heroes. There, in the wild woods, far from the city's crowd, and by the "fair forest stream," repose the remains of a gallant patriot, with nothing but a ruined mass of mortar and stones to mark his resting place.

Baron Steuben was an Aid-de-Camp to the King of Prussia—he was receiving a salary of about \$5,000 a year at the time of our Revolutionary struggle—his sympathies were enlisted in behalf of the infant colony, and he left his home and situation to serve in the American cause, and take the lead of our armies. He was an able general, an experienced tactician, and rendered invaluable services to our country. Soon after the close of the war, Steuben retired to private life, and for seven years endeavored in vain to prevail on Congress to remunerate him for his services. At length he received a salary of \$2,500 a year, only one-half of that which he had relinquished thirteen years before, to risk all in her service. He located himself on the farm, and in the township where he died, given him by the State of New York. He cleared off sixty acres of land, erected a log-house, and sat down for the remainder of his life. With his trusty servants and a few friends, who still clung to him with more than filial affection, he watched the current of his years drift peacefully away, without a sigh for the splendors of royalty he had left behind in the old world.

A tree near the spot where he was stood a favorite of his, and under that tree, in summer, he used to pass many of his hours. He expressed a wish to be buried, when

he died, under the tree where he had so often rested while living. On the 25th of November, 1797, he was struck with paralysis, and lived but three days afterwards. He directed, just before his death, that he should be buried in his military cloak, with the star of honor, which he always wore, placed on his breast. His weeping servants and a few rustic neighbors formed the procession to his solitary place of burial; and there, in the still woods, "with the martial cloak around him," and the star flashing on his breast, they laid the old warrior down to rest; he sleeps well beneath the soil he helped to free.

His stormy career was over, and he who had periled his life on the battle-field had not a flag to droop over the hearse, or a soldier to discharge a farewell shot over his grave. A nation seems to have blotted him out from its memory, and left him to die alone unforgotten and unhonored. A Republic may prove ungrateful, and refuse to erect a monument to the memory of the departed patriot and warrior, but the people of the land, which he helped to free, will cherish his many virtues with filial tenderness and affection.

As we stand by the grave of the Baron, amid the tall trees of the forest, standing like so many sentinels around, the following touching and appropriate lines of the poet come clustering to our memory:

"So sleep the brave who sink to rest  
With all their country's honors blest.  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck the hallowed mould,  
He there shall find a sweeter sod,  
Than his tired feet have ever trod.  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To deck the mould that wraps their clay,  
And Freedom for awhile repair  
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

**THE TWO-HEADED EAGLE.**—The origin of the device of the eagle on national and royal banners may be traced to very early times. It was the ensign of the ancient kings of Persia and Babylon. The Romans adopted many other figures on their camp standards; but Marius, A. C. 102, made the eagle alone the ensign of the legions, and confined the other figures to the cohorts. From the Romans the French under the empire adopted the eagle. The emperors of the Western Roman Empire used a black eagle, those of the East a golden one. The sign of the golden eagle, met with in taverns, is in allusion to the emperors of the East. Since the time of the Romans, almost every state that has assumed the designation of an empire, has taken the eagle for its ensign—Austria, Prussia, Russia, Poland and France, all took the eagle. The two-headed eagle signifies a double empire. The emperors of Austria, who claim to be considered the successors of the Cæsars of Rome, use the double-headed eagle, which is the eagle of the Eastern emperors with that of the Western, typifying the "Holy Roman Empire," of which the emperors of Germany (now merged in the house of Austria) considered themselves as the representatives. Charlemagne was the first to use it, for when he became master of the whole of the German empire, he added the second head to the eagle, A. D. 802, to denote that the empires of Rome and Germany were united in him. As it is among birds the king, and being the emblem of a noble nature from its strength of wing and eye and courage, and also of conscious strength and innate power, the eagle has been universally preferred as the continental emblem of sovereignty. Of the different eagles of heraldry, the black eagle is considered the most noble, especially when blazoned on a golden shield.

*Notes and Queries.*

WE heard a poor weatherbound individual the other day, who was caught in a rain, humming to himself in a doorway:—

'Twas ever thus in childhood's hour,  
That chilling fate has on me fell,  
There always comes a soaking shower  
When I hain't got no umbrell.



## A CHAPTER FOR THE YOUNG.

**THE TOILET.—Embroidery.**—The art of Embroidery is, perhaps, the most pleasing of female occupations. Apart from its utility, in supplying some of the most elegant articles of dress, it affords the ladies opportunities of displaying their taste and ingenuity; it gives a graceful employment, and an inexhaustible source of laudable and innocent amusement.

"The great variety of needle work," observes an accomplished female writer, "which the ingenious women of other countries as well as our own, have invented, will furnish us with constant and amusing employment; and though our labors may not equal a *Mineron's*, or an *Aylesbury's*, yet if they unbend the mind by fixing its attention on the progress of an elegant and imitative art, they answer the purpose of domestic amusement; and when the higher duties of our station do not call forth our exertions, we may feel the satisfaction of knowing, that at least, we are innocently employed."

It will afford us pleasure on some future occasion to lay before our female readers, specimens, or rather patterns of embroidery, with such observations as may prove useful to them in the exercise of this beautiful art; for the present, however, we must confine ourselves to a brief sketch of the subject, for it will doubtlessly prove interesting to the ladies to know, that the art of plying the needle, was in former days the favorite employment of queens, and the daughters of kings and emperors.

The art of embroidery may be traced to the most distant periods of antiquity. Colored embroidery was known in the early ages among the Jews and Babylonians. Even at a period anterior to the days of Homer, it was employed among the Oriental nations, and usually to represent historical subjects. Helen, the beautiful, but faithless Helen, is described in the third book of the *Iliad*, as occupied in embroidering the evils of the Greeks and Trojans, of which she had been the unhappy cause; and when the intelligence of Hector's death was conveyed to Andromache, his faithful spouse, the poet represents her:

Far in the close recesses of the dome,  
Pensive she plies the melancholy loom:  
A growing work employed her secret views,  
Spotted, diverse, with intermingling hues.

Penelope beguiled the tedious hours, during the absence of Ulysses at the siege of Troy, with embroidery.

In later times the art was held in equal estimation. During the middle ages, the wives of sovereigns and of princes, assisted by the noble ladies around them, employed their time in representing in the richest tapestry-work, the heroic deeds which their husbands, brothers, relatives, or ancestors had achieved. Many of these splendid monuments of the genius and industry of the ladies of other days, are still preserved, and constitute the most cherished decorations in some of the palaces and castles of Europe. The convents during those ages were the great nurseries of the art of embroidery, as well as the dispensers of those educational accomplishments which add dignity and grace to the female character. The most magnificent works of this nature, were executed within their walls. Here, secluded from the turmoil of the world, the virtuous nuns, as in our own day, instructed their pupils in this beautiful art, or employed their time at embroidering vestments, or cloths for the altar, or hangings to decorate the churches. The talents of the greatest masters were employed in producing designs. Raphael's celebrated cartoons were a series of scripture pieces, executed as patterns to be worked in tapestry.

**THE LITTLE FLOWER.**—*A Legend of Holland.*—A little child died, and its guardian angel was bearing its soul to heaven. Already they had passed the busy city, the fields of ripe corn, the forest where resounded the woodman's axe, the canals where glided the laden vessels, and the angel had not looked upon them; but when they came to a poor village, he hovered over it, and looked into a dark alley, running through a cluster of decayed huts. There was grass growing through the stones; there was broken pottery, and damp straw, and piles of cinders and ashes thrown out. The angel looked long at the deserted spot, when, espying suddenly a pale flower in the ruins, which had opened in the shade, he gave a cry of joy, stooped from the air, and plucked it.

The child asked him why he had stooped for a single field flower, without beauty or fragrance.

"Thou seest at the bottom of this alley a cabin, with the roof broken by the snows, and its walls seamed by the rain. There lived once a child of thy age, afflicted from his birth. When he quitted his little straw bed, leaning on his willow crutches, he went two or three times up and down the alley—it was all. He had never seen the sun but from his window. When the Summer brought back its bright rays, the afflicted creature came and sat in their light; he looked at the blood circulating feebly in his thin hands, and said, 'I am better.' Never had he seen the green of the meadows or the forest, only the little children sometimes brought him branches of the poplar, which he laid around him on his bed. Then he would dream that he was lying in the shade of the woods, that the sunshine was dancing through the leaves, and the birds singing around. One day his oldest sister brought him a little field flower, with its root. He planted it in an old earthen pot, and God prospered the plant tended by the weak hand. It was the sick child's garden; the little flower was to him the meadows, the woods, the waters, the creation. As long as he lived he nursed it. He gave it all the air and the sunshine that his little window suffered to enter; he watered it each evening, and told it good bye till next morning, as if it were a friend. But when God called away the little martyr, his family quitted the village, the alley was abandoned, and the simple flower surrounded with ruins. But the providence of God preserved it where I have just gathered it."

"How did you learn this?" demanded the child.

"I was myself," said the angel, "the little sick child who walked on his willow crutches. God has taken me up to paradise, but I have not forgotten the few humble joys I had on earth, and I would not give that simple flower for the beautiful star in the heavens."

**CHARITY.**—At public dinners for the benefit of charitable institutions, every one must have observed that the applause which follows the announcement of a donation is nicely proportioned to the amount, no regard being had to the wealth of the donor, or his motives and feelings. Thus—"Mr. White, one guinea!" is acknowledged by a scarcely audible tap on the table by the tip of the forefinger—"Mr. Brown, one guinea!" the same—"Mr. Green, five guineas!" announced with a marked emphasis on the five; and there is a clattering of spoons and knife-handles. But for "Alderman Faddle, ten guineas!" fists are brought into requisition, and the tables are thumped till the enraptured glasses and decanters dance and skip about in very ecstasy. "Mr. Black, one pound!" is like oil thrown upon the troubled waters, for suddenly the enthusiastic clamor subsides into the gentle tapping of the forefinger. The widow with her mite would be hissed away from such a table.

"DID you know," said a cunning Yankee to a Jew, "that they hang Jews and donkeys together in Poland?" "Indeed! then it is well that you and I are not there," retorted the Jew.

SOMEBODY told a Dutchman that he had the most feminine countenance the speaker had ever seen. "Oh, ya," said Hans, "I know de reason for dat; mine moder was one woman."

## REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

1. **CHURCH AND STATE CHARITIES COMPARED;** with special reference to the System of New York State Charities. Two Lectures, by *L. Silliman Ives, LL. D.* New York: Dunigan & Brother. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have read these two lectures of Dr. Ives with profound satisfaction. The comparison instituted by the learned gentleman results in a veritable contrast, wherein is shown the wide difference between the practical charities of the Church and the State, or rather between the reality on the one hand, and the unsuccessful imitation on the other. In the matter of education, Dr. Ives has undertaken to show that the State cannot establish a system which shall not have in it an admixture of evil at least equal to the good; if the State undertakes to teach religion, it must necessarily be sectarian religion, or if it excludes religion, the scholars will grow up to manhood with no better learning than that which was acquired by the pagan youths of old. Religion or no religion, then becomes the leading question. As to the principle that youth may be instructed in religion at the schools *without any particular religious creed*, it can only be admitted by those who believe one religion as good as another, or in other terms, that truth and falsehood are equal. The lecturer speaks upon this subject earnestly and forcibly. The result, he says truthfully, of such education, would be the destruction of the power of religious principle, or the substitution of a mere worldly one. "What but the extirpation of faith, and the consequent implanting of the seeds of infidelity, or at the best, of religious indifference? For in no other way can the State destroy religious differences. To make man indifferent to distinguishing points of faith and practice, is nothing more nor less than to make him indifferent to religion. [e. g. Prussia and the Prussians, cited elsewhere in the lectures upon the authority of Laing.] . . . To live in the breast at all, religion must hold the first place. It cannot from its very nature, exist in a state of subordination to any other principle. It must reign supreme in the reason, the conscience and the will, or practically cease to be. But to have this sway, it must stand before the mind with a more strongly defined image, with more distinct and exact and captivating features than any earthly object; and when by any cause, it is deprived of this distinction, it loses its identity and gives place altogether to another influence."

So speaks a man who knows and feels what religion is; but we doubt if the State, or the wise men who make laws for it, can appreciate such pure and truthful sentiment. It is above the reach of most of our modern lawgivers, the sum of whose belief and unbelief is expressed in the word indifference. Between such men and Dr. Ives there is no kindred of feeling. How should there be? He has given up all to follow Christ—made great sacrifices, we were about to say, but what sacrifice is that which only exchanges worldly honors and a troubled conscience for holy peace and calm, and faith and tranquility? Verily, he has a foretaste of the hundred-fold reward.

To return to the Lectures: they were delivered by invitation of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, of New York, and published by special request; for which all good Catholics and fair men may thank the Society, as well as the lecturer. The lectures go over a great deal of ground, and are full of interest; and they do not fail to sustain by cases in point, all the positions assumed by their distinguished author.

2. **THE ROMAN CATACOMBS; or Some Account of the Burial-Places of the Early Christians in Rome.** By *Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, M.A.*, late Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. London: Dolman. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Another valuable and interesting contribution to our Catholic popular literature. The fruit of many visits to one of the most sacred spots in the wide world—the *Roman Catacombs*—with the knowledge, besides, afforded by the learned works of Bosio, Arringhi, Boldetti, Lupi, Marangoni, D'Agincourt, and Marchi:—and with the still greater advantage of the company of such men as Father Marchi, the Cavaliere di Rossi, and M. Perret—the last in the service of the French Government—the intelligent

reader will at once perceive how superior is this work of Rev. Mr. Northcote to many that have professed to give some account of these ever-memorable scenes of heroic faith, love, and oftentimes martyrdom, of our ancestors in the faith—that divine inheritance bequeathed to us by illustrious Saints, Confessors, Pontiffs, Virgins, Martyrs—at this very hour shining round the throne of God, brighter than any star in the firmament—an inheritance which many Catholics seem neither to understand nor appreciate. If they did, such works as this, to say nothing of others still more valuable, in as much as they treat of a far greater variety of topics—e. g. “THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY”—would be at once in their hands; would be read, nay studied with a kind of enthusiasm and heroic desire to spread in every direction the knowledge, the love of Jesus Christ, and of His Kingdom, the Church. When we think of the coldness, the selfishness, which mark the conduct of many Catholics—and those of Maryland come in for a full share in this particular form of neglect—we hardly know whether sorrow or anger should guide our pen and dictate our thoughts. On cigars, pound-cake and wine, dollar after dollar will be freely spent. For the purchase of useful and valuable works; for the support of a Catholic paper, magazine or review, nothing can be spared; and to the shame of such patrons! at times even the subscription, when given, is recalled; and this for the slightest pretence. As we run over the pages of this learned and soul-stirring volume, or—as if led by the hand of Father Spencer Northcote—descend in spirit into these forever hallowed abodes of all that was once most lovely on earth, and has long since been brightest in heaven, who can blame us, if the question is repeatedly started—can it be that such lukewarm Catholics are really the children of the Saints who here knelt, and prayed and adored! Are they the inheritors of the same faith that so often filled these ancient sanctuaries of our imperishable Church with heroic youths and maidens, to whom riches, beauty, honors, power, life itself, were all as a grain of sand, compared with the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ! O, that the petition expressed in the following lines—from the tomb of Irene, sister of Pope Damasus—were often on the lips of such as seem to realize so feebly the dignity of their Christian name:

Nostri reminiscere, Virgo!

Ut tua per Dominum præstet mihi facula lumen.

Remember me, O Virgin! that by God's help your torch may give me light.

A little more *light* would impart *life and love*, and lead many to *recollect*, for they can hardly be ignorant of it, that the depth of their Christian Faith may be often judged of, by their degree of interest for whatever concerns the progress, glory and triumph of the Church of Christ. We once more recommend “The Roman Catacombs” to the attention of all pious and intelligent Catholics.

3. FLEURS D'AMÉRIQUE (Flowers from America) Poésies Nouvelles. Par Dominique Rouquette (de la Louisiane). Nouvelle-Orléans: Imprimerie de H. Méridier. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

There is much to admire in these poetical contributions to the literature of the day. There is still more both to admire and approve in the spirit that appears to animate the poet who has laid the offering on the altar of his country—for it is love of country, of God, of his fellow-men, that guides the pen and inspires the muse of M. Dominique Rouquette. The French verse on the title page, from Brizeux, a Breton poet—

“Du ciel viennent les vers; qu'ils remontent au ciel,”

which we may freely render,

From heaven comes the poet's strain—  
To heaven let it remount again!

is the key-note to the volume. There is a tone of manly earnestness, independence of thought and Christian love for the cause of sound morals and true liberty, throughout the poems, in general, whether brief and unstudied, or of more elaborate structure,

which show that M. Rouquette is not a "manufacturer of phrases," as Napoleon was disposed to call "men of letters," but one whose voice will stir the souls of men as well as the trumpets or the "Memoirs" of the French Emperor. Among the productions which have particularly won our attention, and no doubt the admiration of many readers before us, we notice the poems *Le Prêtre*, *La Femme*, et *Le Poète*; *Rome*—and *La Chasteté* et *La Pauvreté*—each full of noble ideas, well expressed. In each there are passages that breathe the spirit of Lamartine in his happiest days. There is no American—Catholic or non-Catholic—who will fail to recognise the soul of the poet and the freeman in the following lines—part of an Invocation to that Immaculate Virgin "Queen of the Church and Queen of Heaven,"—which close the volume:

Fais que dans l'Unité, sous l'ombre de ton aile,  
Repose l'Union, immuable, éternelle !  
De ton cœur maternel fais passer dans mon cœur  
Un céleste reflet, un doux rayon vainqueur !  
\* \* \* \* \*  
O ! Vierge immaculée. O ma Mère. O Marie !  
Fais que fidèle à Dieu, fidèle à ma patrie .  
Mon cœur brûlant d'amour ne forme plus qu'em vœu  
Mourir pour mon Pays—ou mourir pour mon Dieu.

Of a quite different character, and imbued with a cheerful strain of mingled satire and mirth, is the "*L'Amoureux* et *Le Philosophe*," or as the chanson might also be headed "*Love and Money*." *Four hundred thousand "écus,"* we opine, would make a saint—an angel, perfection itself, in almost any land the sun shines on, as the world now goes, not only in Louisiana, but in any part of creation.

With this brief notice of a volume, which like every thing coming from the hand of man, has its imperfections, inequalities, and even what may shock some readers, e. g. "*Buvons Sec.*," we welcome the author and wish him a long and happy life in the "Republic of Letters."

4. *MAGINN'S MISCELLANIES—FRASERIAN PAPERS.* Annotated by R. Shelton Mackenzie, D. C. L. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

There is much to admire—much to laugh at—still more to regret and condemn in this as in most of the writings of this singularly gifted and accomplished man. Genius, wit, learning, shine out on almost every page. And almost as often, coarseness, sensuality meet the eye, if they do not wound the heart; for no one denies that there is in every "soul of man" abundance of the same material that led this eminently social character—"the life, grace and ornament of society" in his native city, "to broken fortunes, ruined health and an early grave." Of all such, even though they were the adversaries of the Church while living, and though dead, are against it still, we are disposed to say, with St. Gregory the Great—" *Flere magis libet, quam aliquid dicere.*" Tears rather than words, would express what we think and feel.

The admirable memoir of Dr. Maginn, by his friend and editor, Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, enhances by a hundred degrees the worth of the volume. It cannot fail to produce in some kindred spirits, the effect desired. It is replete with information, eloquence and learning.

5. *THE WIGWAM AND THE CABIN.* By W. Gilmore Simms, Esq. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

6. *VASCONCELOS, a Romance of the New World.* By the same author and publisher.

These are two new works from the prolific pen of Mr. Simms, whose previous writings have been so favorably received by the public. The first of these works is a series of entertaining tales, and may be read, if not with profit, at least with interest. The second, carries the reader through a singularly attractive period of our anti-colonial history, the conquest, or rather the invasion of Florida by Hernan de Soto. It is a well written tale, and with the exception of certain expressions, we are pleased with it.

**7. MONARCHS RETIRED FROM BUSINESS**—2 vols. By *Dr. Doran*. New York: Redfield.

We have generally had the pleasure of receiving from the house of Redfield such works as we could notice with commendation, but we feel compelled to enter our protest against this work from the pen of Dr. Doran. The author has sought in this, as in most of his previous productions, to please the popular mind of England, and having in view no higher object, apart from sordid interest, he has pursued his purpose at the sacrifice of truth, and all those higher and nobler principles which should ever guide the pen of the man who attempts to record the events of the past.

We do not ourselves object to a well-told story, and even to the departure from a rigid adhesion to facts, when the reader is informed that the author is wandering in the region of fancy; but we do object, that the grave lessons of history should be perverted, that the misfortunes and calamities, which the providence of God has permitted to fall upon his creatures, should be held up to public gaze for no higher motive than that of exciting laughter and derision. Works of this class can serve no good end. They are worse in their effects than those which are openly infidel. The writings of Voltaire are not half so pernicious. The name of the man startles the reader, awakens his sense of horror and dread, and his works, if touched at all, are handled with caution and distrust. But works like the "Monarchs Retired from Business," professing a candid recital of facts, while scarcely a page is reliable, with an undercurrent of hostility to religion, holding up its ministers to ridicule, and sneering at the institutions of Christianity, are little less than a nuisance in any community. They are calculated to weaken and utterly destroy the moral principle in society, and prepare the way for undisguised infidelity.

**8. INDIAN GOOD BOOK**, made by *Eugene Vetromile*, S. J., Indian Patriarch, for the benefit of the Penobscot, Passamaquoddy, St. John's, Micmac and other tribes of the Abnaki Indians. New York: Dunigan & Brother. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This book contains prayers, hymns, and catechisms for the various tribes mentioned above, and is emphatically a good book for the Indians. Coming from one who belongs to an Order celebrated for its self-denying labors in behalf of the Red man, it cannot but be eminently suited to its purpose, and however modestly the compiler may think of his labors, bears on its face evidences of great care and a proper appreciation of the duty his station as a missionary imposes upon him. While every good Christian must praise his zeal, the mere scholar also, will have great reason to thank him for this contribution to comparative philology in a department that is not so rich as it should be, considering the great numbers who have been employed therein, and the numberless opportunities afforded in the necessary intercourse between our government and the aborigines. Nor have the publishers been wanting on their part in bringing the book out, and deserve and no doubt will receive the thanks of the tribes for whom the work is intended.

**9. ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.** *April Number.* Balto: Murphy & Co.

It is scarcely necessary to add a single word to the announcement of a new number of these excellent periodicals. The sublime object for which they are printed is sufficient to stimulate every Catholic to do his part in giving them a circulation, worthy of the cause for which they are published.

**10. SERMONS**, Preached before the University of Cambridge. By *Richard Chenevix Trench*, D. D. New York: Redfield.

Our readers must really pardon us if we do not give them a notice of this work. Had we received it during the penitential season, we may have submitted to the ordeal of reading a few pages, but as that season is past, the most we can do is to commend the Sermons preached before the learned professors of Cambridge University, to all who may desire to read them.



## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

**FOREIGN.**—We have the pleasure of announcing this month, an important item of literary intelligence—important, in as much as this is, we believe, the first instance that an American theological work has found an European publisher. The first edition of the *Theologia Dogmatica*, by Archbishop Kenrick, published in this country some years ago, in 4 vols., having been exhausted, the venerable author has prepared a new edition, which is now rapidly passing through the press, in the famous establishment of Mr. Hanicq (now, Mr. Dessain), in Malines, Belgium. The present revised edition will be improved by many important additions, including an elaborate defence of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and a Catalogue of the Fathers and Ecclesiastical Writers, with an accurate description of their genuine works, from others that have passed under their names. This edition will be comprised in 3 volumes, 8vo. printed in that style of neatness and accuracy for which Mr. Dessain's press is so justly distinguished, and will appear with the especial sanction of the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, who has been pleased to signify a very high estimate of its merits. The first volume is nearly ready—and will be published in this country by Messrs. Murphy & Co. in conjunction with Mr. Dessain, simultaneously with its publication in Belgium.

We have also the pleasure this month to chronicle the completion of Perret's magnificent work on the Roman Catacombs, the result of ten years laborious research, five of them almost entirely spent in the sixty subterranean cemeteries which compose that city of the dead. This great work contains the most complete account of the Catacombs and all connected with them, architecture, sanctuaries, paintings, inscriptions, cyphers, objects found in the tombs, and all that can in any way throw light on their history. This noble monument forms six volumes, and can now be had for 1300 francs.

We are at last to have in English Hurter's great work, the History of Pope Innocent III, a translation by R. H. Brown being announced in England. The Rev. Dr. C. H. Russell also announces the completion and speedy publication of his *Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti*, with comparative memoirs of other eminent linguists, ancient and modern. In a recent lecture on memory, Cardinal Wiseman noticed a fact not generally known, that at one time in consequence of a fit of illness Mezzofanti forgot every language but Italian, and he who a few days before could converse with the native of almost every state in the world, found himself unable to speak to a priest from Austria or France, even in Latin.

The Abate Margotti, who is to Italy what Balme was to Spain, philosopher, theologian and publicist, has just published a work entitled: "Victories of the Church during the first ten years of the Pontificate of Pius IX." It is spoken of in the highest terms by the Catholic press of Europe, as being not a mere collection of general views, but a history detailing facts, giving statistics, documents, in a word all that is needed to give a correct view of a pontificate which has been so maligned and so misrepresented that even Catholics have had hitherto no source accessible from which to glean even an outline of the truth. The plan of the work shows the four enemies that Pius IX has had to contend with, and his triumph over all, whether liberal hypocrisy, demagoguism, heresy, or modern diplomacy.

*Le Neophyte et le parfait Chretien*, by the Abbés Barthe and Ramon, is a new catechetical work, which receives high praise in France. It is the Christian doctrine set forth from Holy Writ in the replies of a perfect Christian to the questions of a neophyte.

Father Perrone's great work on Protestantism is undoubtedly the most remarkable that has recently appeared. The last French files announce the appearance of the French translation, and two, perhaps more, are engaged in translating it into English, one under the very eye of the illustrious author.

In English, Cardinal Wiseman's recollections of the last four Popes, announced in England, and here by Messrs. Dix & Edwards, New York, is looked forward to with great interest. The Pontificates of Pius VIII and Leo XII though short were not uneventful, while those of Gregory XVI and Pius IX will ever be considered among the most important epochs in the history of the Papacy. On these two Popes especially an English work is one of the most needed books of the day, and no writer is

better able to portray the last four Pontiffs than Cardinal Wiseman, most of whose life has been spent in Rome, and than whom no one can more graphically or eloquently communicate the information treasured in his learned and classic mind.

**AMERICAN.**—The most important work announced by the Catholic publishers, is Father Faber's new work, the *Creator and the Creature, or the Wonders of Divine Love*, with an Introduction and Notes by an American clergyman, announced by Messrs. Murphy & Co., to be published simultaneously with the London edition, from advance sheets furnished by the Rev. Author. In the course of a few weeks the American Press will add this new treasure—for such it really is to all who pursue with ardor that noblest of sciences, the science of salvation—and offer this fresh motive to the many which the Church in England and the United States have to rejoice, that among the servants of God and defenders of the Faith who adorn the age, there is one of such rare endowments as the author of "All for Jesus," "Growth in Holiness," and "The Blessed Sacrament." The same wonderful outpouring of heavenly truths clothed in language clear as the waters of that Styrian lake

"Special work of beauty's hand"

in graceful verses chaunted by Dr. Faber, many years ago—the same union in every chapter of learning, piety, eloquence, poetry, felicitous wit, and fervent desire to promote "the knowledge and love of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," that has, as it were, enshrined the author's name in the hearts of his readers, will be found in this, his last, and to many minds, we are disposed to believe, most valuable production. It grapples professedly and still more rigorously with all the great errors and vices of the age. It addresses—and would to heaven that such men would open it—a Palmerston—the premier of a mighty empire—a Napoleon, an Alexander the rulers of millions, as well as the devout layman—or the cloistered nun—whose first and last and highest association may be worded in the "*Quando amaverim Te*," of St. Bonaventure—"when shall I love Thee! Thou God of my heart: and my portion for ever." From the proudest mind of the age to the gentlest follower of the Cross, there is not one who will not derive profit from its pages. "Wisdom enshrined in beauty" is the most appropriate description we can think of, for this truly admirable work. In every chapter do we meet with views of the divine mysteries and institutions of religion, on which a Catholic cannot dwell, without feeling himself encircled by a flood of heavenly light—and his soul with love, deeper, purer than, perhaps, he ever before experienced for God our Father, and his Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Messrs. Murphy & Co. have nearly ready Hendrik Conscience's new tale, *The Demon of Gold*, being the sixth volume of their Uniform Series of the Tales and Romances of this distinguished Flemish writer. This will introduce to American readers another rare and touching domestic story, from the pen of this most popular of Flemish novelists and the most highly esteemed wherever his writings are best known.

A lively and acute French critic and reviewer, the well-known Pontmartin, has likened the stories of Conscience to "pearls set in Flemish gold," and in point of delicacy of treatment and high moral value they richly justify the comparison. The present volume will be found of a literary excellence equal to the best of its predecessors. There is the same admirably-constructed plot, the same absorbing interest, the same minuteness of detail; the same fidelity to nature, and the same high moral tone; and these are the attractive qualities that have rendered his books a welcome addition to the lighter literature of every nation into whose language they have been translated, and household treasures at home.

The works of Hendrik Conscience are not romances, but pictures of real life. All his personages stand out from the canvas instinct with vitality; all his accessories are true to the scene depicted, to the time, and to the occasion. Even in his historical novels he conveys the reader back to the century in which the events transpired that form the basis of his story, and introduces the sturdy people who lived in those days, with all their faults and all their virtues, as colored and modified by the habits and customs which then prevailed.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

MAY, sweet May! The month of buds and flowers opens upon us. It comes fanned by gentle zephyrs, breathing a balmy fragrance and clothing the earth in robes of green.

We haste to greet thee, lovely May!  
Ever welcome, ever gay;  
When by vale and mountain,  
When by brook and fountain,  
Flowerets bloom, and insects play,  
And bid thee welcome, lovely May!

"Off again in the realms of fancy," said Mr. Oliver, after listening for some moments to O'Moore's soliloquy. "As usual, indulging in the sublime."

"Mr. Oliver," said O'Moore, seemingly taking no notice of his remark, "the world is so filled with great men just at present, that it is difficult for a small, diminutive man like myself, and bashful withal, to rise into notice. The giant minds and colossal intellects that reign in the world of letters, completely shut out from me all hope of ever being able to leave behind a name, except that which some generous friend may inscribe on the small bit of marble which may be erected on the spot where my ashes shall repose. But there is one consolation, Mr. Oliver, though somewhat uncharitable I confess, that there are many of my compeers who will not leave any greater legacy to the world. I have no great aspiration for distinction, though I say it myself. I have no one to live for, and none to mourn my loss (and it will be but trifling, I admit) when called to give an account of my stewardship.

But for you, Mr. Oliver, the happy parent of a joyous family, you have something worthy of manly exertions; you have those to leave behind you, who can and will appreciate a great and distinguished name. But believe me, Mr. Oliver, I must be candid, I do really think the world will never bestow upon you the distinction of great, so long as you live in the region of philosophy, and waste your time in attempting to persuade the thoughtless throng of mortals around you, that the world is progressing, and that they are a great and progressive people. Why waste your time, your patience, and your intellect, in tiresome, tedious, lengthened prose, in which, now-a-days, every whippersnapper thinks himself proficient? Rise from this drudgery, soar aloft and invoke the Muse of Song, become a poet, and honors and distinctions as thick as ever rested upon the head of the Bard of Mantua will descend with you to the grave."

"And be buried with me," added Mr. Oliver, finishing the sentence.

"Come, Mr. O'Moore," he continued, "do not let us waste our time in talking of poetry; let us see what we have on our table in the shape of prose. What is new in the literary world?"

"Nothing much," responded O'Moore, taking up a neatly bound volume. "Here is the only thing of importance—Lizzie Maitland. What do you think of it, Mr. Oliver?"

"Capital! Excellent story!" responded the latter, repeating the name several times.

"Have you read it?"

"No, I confess I have not. I have formed my opinion of its merits from the favorable comments of others."

"I am surprised, Mr. Oliver, that you, who stick so closely to prose that you scarcely condescend to look into a poetic work, that you, I say, would let others form your opinions for you."

"Not entirely; I sketched over it lightly and read the preface and introduction, and from the latter especially, I was led to entertain of it the most exalted opinion."

"True, Mr. Oliver, but to use a homespun adage: 'Every crow thinks her own young ones the whitest.' Did you ever know a father to speak disparagingly of his

children? That is charitable at least, to go to the preface of a book to find out its merits."

"But you know, O'Moore, we must deal lightly with its faults, even if it have any; it is from the pen of a young American lady."

"So we are told in the preface, and it is repeated in the introduction, by way of refreshing our memories. But don't take me to task, Mr. Oliver; I have preferred no charges against the book."

"But, Mr. Oliver," continued O'Moore, "it has often surprised me, that after all, even American books, written by American authors, who 'understand better, because they themselves have felt them, the wants of the people,' draw upon foreign sources for much of their finest materials. The O'Briens, the Mahoneys, the Bridgets and the 'Pats' of my own dear isle, with the genuine Irish brogue upon their tongues, are honored with prominent places in these very American books. Surely this is not developing the scenes 'derived from American habits and life,' and tending 'to embellish and endear the homes where we dwell.'"

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Father Carroll. He was kindly greeted by Mr. Oliver and O'Moore, who eagerly sought his opinion of the work in question. The reverend gentlemen, after politely apologising for his delay, proceeded as follows to give his views of Lizzie Maitland:

"The work aims at accomplishing a laudable purpose—that of combining entertainment with instruction. Books, tending to explain Catholic doctrine and the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, are a class of works which cannot be too highly commended, especially in a country like ours, where Catholics are surrounded on all sides by those who assail their faith or seek information concerning some of the controverted dogmas of religion. If our stock of works of this kind were increased a hundred fold, the increase would not be commensurate with the good that might be accomplished by them. Hence every accession to this class of our literature, is a source of gratification to Catholics, for the book, even if it possess but limited merits, is destined to do good."

With Lizzie Maitland, however, I confess I have been somewhat disappointed. From the circumstance of its being ushered before the public under the auspices of so distinguished a name as that of Dr. Brownson, I had expected to find it a model, at least for our young authors, whose fancies might tempt them to ramble into the domain of light literature; but I am sorry to find it scarcely coming up to the mediocrity of works of its class. With its defects as a work of art, I am not disposed to find fault. They are such as young authors usually fall into. But there are defects, which, for the sake of the good that it might do, as a work explanatory of our holy religion, I deeply regret. You are well aware that we have uniformly entered our most cordial disapprobation against those works in which the Catholic clergy were traduced and villified; it, therefore, comes with bad grace for Catholic authors to fall into the same fault, which we have felt it our duty, under all circumstances, most pointedly to condemn.

To speak disrespectfully of the ministers of religion, especially in a work of fiction, has no other tendency than to bring religion itself into disrepute. To represent them as impostors and hypocrites, cloaking beneath the shadow of their sacred office the greatest crimes, is to strike at the foundation of the whole fabric of Christianity. A clergyman may have his faults, but we should choose rather with the virtuous son of Noah, to go backwards and throw over his faults the mantle of charity, than with the impious Cham to laugh and sneer at the weaknesses of his nature. The book that contains a single line casting imputations upon the integrity, purity, or virtue of the Catholic priesthood, loses all credit in the estimation of Catholics, and is cast from them as something unworthy of their notice. In other respects it may be a useful work, but no merits will atone for this defect, which touches one of the most sensitive chords of their hearts.

Now our dissenting fellow-citizens are as sensitive on this point as ourselves. Many of them respect and venerate their ministers, and no reproach goes deeper into their bosoms than to impute crimes to those, who preach to them, as they believe, the word

of God. They turn with disdain from the book, even if it contain the profound reasoning of St. Thomas, in which such things are contained. They regard equally with ourselves, as an insult to their feelings as men, to write what the rules of common civility forbid us to utter in their presence, to publish what we would not dare to say in their parlors, or in those circles where business or amusement oblige us to meet.

It is, therefore, with regret that we find in *Lizzie Maitland*, a Protestant minister presented in a light calculated to awaken impressions derogatory to his character as a man, as a Christian, and especially as a minister. He is a married man, but he leaves his own amiable though sickly wife, to gallant with a Miss Harris, the governess in the family of Mr. Maitland. He strolls with her through the fields, gathers her flowers and helps her over stiles, leaving the impression upon the mind of the reader, that their intimacy was criminal. No one can read the following passage without being fully persuaded of the truth of this conclusion:

'Seated at a table with an open volume lying before them, with their backs towards the door, sat Mr. Gilford and Miss Harris; the arm of the reverend gentleman was around her waist, and tenderly supported her figure; her drooping head rested upon his shoulder.' Page 66.

The sequel is, that Miss Harris disappears and Mr. Gilford leaves his wife and lives separated from her, the reader being left to draw his own conclusions.

This, gentlemen, I regard as a serious defect in the work. It is wrong because it casts an imputation upon a class of men, of whom charity obliges us to speak at least with respect. Among the Protestant clergy, there are many men of high and elevated principles, upright and sincere—a truth clearly demonstrated by the numbers who annually forsake their own pulpits and seek the light of truth and the haven of peace in the bosom of the Catholic Church; who even become lights in her sanctuary and rank among her most zealous missionaries. It is wrong, because discourteous to our dissenting fellow-citizens, whose feelings we have no right to offend—and it is wrong, because it inculcates language and thoughts that should be forever banished from the hearts and lips of the young.

But *Lizzie Maitland* is a love story; it begins with courtship and ends with marriage. Now, I can not say that I am entirely opposed to this particular species of literature; but I will say, what all experience proves, that it is the most dangerous class a writer can enter, and the most dangerous class that can be presented for the entertainment of the young. The habit of novel-reading soon grows to a passion, which is not easily controlled. The mind of the reader, especially of the young, partakes of the thoughts, the sentiments and feelings of the hero of the tale. The romantic exploits of some love-stricken adventurer, no matter how absurd or extravagant, are those which please the most. The young lady not unfrequently imagines that she discovers in some unprincipled character, the hero of her novel, all those accomplishments and qualities that constitute greatness in men, and which she seeks for in her future husband; and the young man often draws the image of his future spouse from the page of some false and deceptive romance.

The evil consequences that follow from lessons of this kind, need not be repeated. To extenuate, however, is unnecessary. Love stories at best are dangerous, unless drawn by an experienced hand—a master, who knows how to temper the materials with the saving element of religion, that virtue may be the fruit thereof. Indeed, many learned and pious persons have doubted the propriety of permitting this class of writing to form a part of the literature for the young, and have only yielded their assent on the stringent condition, that they avoid the sickening course of the 'yellow-covered' species, and that they contain no thought or sentiment which the Church condemns,—nothing that cannot be freely commended to the imitation of the young.

Classed among those who entertain these views, you will pardon me then for entering my objections to certain passages in *Lizzie Maitland*, which inculcate a familiar kind of courtship that little accords with my notions of propriety in these matters.

Let the following paragraph serve as an example. It describes an interview between Lizzie Maitland and her lover, Edward Lee:

'Lizzie, do not trifle with me—do not force upon my mind, but *now* relieved of the terrible load, the miserable fear that you are cold and indifferent, that you do not love me as I love you; you talk to me of calm and quiet with this fever burning in my veins—I should have died, but for your image impressed on my heart. During all that agony of fever and delirium, I saw your face bent over mine, as it was in that one lucid interval of my sickness. Do not, do not, Lizzie, keep me in suspense; it is unworthy of you. I love you with my whole heart. I laid it at your feet two years ago; I never loved any other woman; I never shall; if you disappoint me, I shall have no faith in the gentleness and truth of woman's nature.' . . .

Here the reading was interrupted by a burst of laughter from O'Moore, with the exclamation: "Stop, Father Carroll, or I shall faint."

"I confess," replied the reverend gentleman, smiling, "that it is enough to affect the nerves of a sensitive young man; but you must hear the result. You must know that these tender aspirations were not in vain—the heart of the obdurate one is overcome:

'Lizzie rose from the little couch where she had been sitting, and going beside his chair, she drew his head softly to her bosom and imprinted a kiss upon his forehead; then clasping her arms about his neck, she whispered: Forgive me, Edward,—dearest Edward! I am—indeed I am—all your own—!'

'Edward trembled violently; he rose suddenly, and, clasping his arms about her, strained her to his bosom.' Page 275.

At this moment the doctor enters with Mr. Maitland, the father of Lizzie, who 'laughed outright' at the scene. Mr. Lee is confused, but he 'would not release her; he kept his arm about her *waist*, while he held out the other hand to the doctor.'

Now here, apart from the sickening language of Mr. Lee, which must be regarded with disgust by every high-minded young man, and treated as mockery by every sensible young lady, here we have embracing and kissing between the young folks of different sexes, inculcated by a work written by a Catholic, edited by a Catholic, and issued from the press of a Catholic publisher. Consequently, these things taken together, will be regarded by the young as a license to imitate the example set before them. The effect of such a license upon the minds of the young, need not be told. Lizzie Maitland, a pious Catholic girl, is permitted to kiss her lover; why should not Mary, Emily, or Jane, or any of our Catholic young girls, do the same? Mr. Lee, who is held up as a model of piety, is allowed to kiss and embrace the young lady of his affections, to put his arms round her waist and 'strain' her to his bosom; why should not John, or Francis, or Thomas, or any of our Catholic young men be permitted to do the same?

If this be correct, then I must confess I have not understood my theology to this very hour. It is at least a very material departure from the sage counsels which I received in my early days from reverend and parental lips; and contrasts strangely with the salutary usages of Catholic countries where the young man and the young lady are not permitted to remain together in the same apartment, except in the presence of a third party.

But in what I have said, I disclaim all intention of doing aught of injury to the fair authoress of Lizzie Maitland. We are strangers, unknown to each other, except that we kneel at the same altar, and belong to the same household of faith. I am sure, that so far from taking any offence, she will say in the language which she learned in childhood: 'Those are our best friends who tell us of our faults.' She has talents as a writer, which deserve to be cultivated, and I hope to have the pleasure of soon seeing some other contribution from her gifted pen, and that in her *propria persona*: and if our remarks, which we give with parental kindness, be of any service, let her profit by them."

Father Carroll was about to add some further observations, when a messenger entered with the following interesting document, inscribed: "With the compliments of the Doctor:"



FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MOUNT HOPE INSTITUTION, near Baltimore.— That the famous Institution commemorated in the above report is an honor to Baltimore and the State of Maryland, is a fact above question; we feel justified in going further, however, for after some examination into the subject, we can confidently say, that in all the most essential points, Mount Hope is worthy to be classed not only with the first institutions of its kind in America, but with the first of the age, in any country. In the treatment of insanity there has been during the last quarter of a century the most marked improvement; the *old regime* has passed away forever among enlightened nations; and at the present day, the Christian philanthropist has the gratification of finding this stricken portion of the human family attended with the gentleness and care that are due to the afflicted, instead of being punished as the worst of criminals. It may be true that there are yet receptacles for the insane in this country, where prison discipline and physical force are still in use; but under the pressure of an enlightened public opinion, with the example and influence of numerous, well conducted asylums all over the land, these receptacles must become fewer and fewer, and at length be either totally remodelled, or totally abandoned. Almshouses and county-jails have completed the ruin of many a mind suffering at first from some transient aberration, curable enough under favorable circumstances, but only aggravated, confirmed and rendered permanent by injudicious treatment, neglect, or ill-usage.

But a few years ago, maltreatment was the rule, good treatment the exception; now happily, the old order is reversed and the prospects are favorable for the most extensive ameliorations. At MOUNT HOPE there is little left to desire; humanity, philanthropy and medical skill are associated in the good work, and each in proportions unsurpassed by that of any other establishment. These alone would give this Institution an equality with any other on this continent; but over and above these, there is the holy inspiration of religion, which seems to throw an atmosphere of sweetness around the home of the afflicted. Whatever the Sisters of Charity touch seems to flourish as if under the special benediction of Divine Providence; the blessings that have been so showered upon them ever seem to multiply under their administration for the welfare of others. And who of the children of Adam are so well fitted to take charge of the insane as the good daughters of St. Vincent? Where else can we find the same gentleness, the same skill, the same self-devotion? All the money in the world would not procure such nursing as these good ladies give to the least of the little ones for Christ's sake. They give their days and nights, their whole lives to ministering to suffering and to relieving pain. Do they work for reward? aye, for a reward "exceedingly great," but not of this world's gifts. In the cause of humanity, in the cause of philanthropy, so idolized in this age, although they scarcely use the word, they are surpassed by none on this earth; and in true *Christian charity*, are they not peerless?

We are gratified to learn from the report of the distinguished physician that each year the institution is growing in public favor; and we feel assured that the more widely it is known, the more rapid will be its growth, not only in public favor, but in public utility. Our space does not allow us to make such extracts from the report as we would wish, but we cannot refrain from inserting a paragraph of paramount interest to those, whose friends give evidence of the earliest symptoms of insanity:

"In an overwhelming majority of cases, there can be no doubt, that the principal and leading cause of permanent derangement is neglect or mismanagement in the first stage of the malady, and the truth cannot be too frequently, or too earnestly presented to the public mind, that there are few diseases of equal magnitude so susceptible of successful medical treatment in the incipient form as those implicating the faculties of the mind. The existence of so vast an amount of incurable insanity, within the wards of our different asylums, is a fact pregnant with important truth. These deplorable cases silently but forcibly tell generally the same sad and melancholy tale. These lost and ruined minds disclose the lamentable results of either a total neglect of all efficient curative treatment at a period when it might have been arrested; or of the use of injudicious and unjustifiable measures of treatment under mistaken notions of the nature and pathology of the disease. In no class of affections is it so imperatively necessary to inculcate the importance of early and prompt treatment, as in the disorders of the brain affecting the manifestations of the mind."

## RECORD OF EVENTS.

From March 20, to April 20, 1857.

### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ROME.—On 23d Feb., His Holiness attended at the church of Jesus where he was waited on by Cardinal Patuige, Prefect of the Congregation of Holy Rites, in relation to the cause of the venerable Francisco Savorio Maria Blanchio di Arpino, a religious of the order of St. Paolo, and obtained from his Holiness the decree for the beatification and canonization of the servant of God. The saint was born in Arpino on the 2d of Dec., 1743, and after a youth passed in the practice of every virtue he entered the religious order of the Barnabites in 1762. Endowed by nature with the most gentle and kindly inclinations, he added to the greatest piety extensive application to study, and endeared himself to friends and strangers—the former loaded him with all the duties and honors of the community, the latter flocked to him for help and consolation, while the learned especially sought to enjoy his society. But called by God to still higher perfection, he withdrew himself from his friends and devoted his life to solitude and prayer, save when called for some exercise of holy charity. His heart filled with sacred zeal, he dedicated himself entirely to the salvation of souls, urged on missions, worked for the erection of houses of refuge and repentance, and directed with a sagacity inspired by burning charity every work that could tend to lead man to heaven, ready at every hour to listen to the crowds that flocked to him for confession, for advice, for consolation, or assistance, he found time and means to supply their every want, temporal and spiritual. Confined for many years to his cell by a terrible wound in the leg, which caused him intense suffering, he still was ever joyous and contented, forgetful of his pains and of necessities—doing all things for all men, to the great benefit of numberless souls, who owed their salvation to his zeal. He was looked on as another St. Philip Neri, and was called the Apostle of Naples as St. Philip was called of Rome. Worn out at length by long suffering, he died on the 31st Jan., 1815, after having predicted the day of his death. But the remembrance of his virtues did not perish. The people who had known and gloried in his virtue passed his fame from province to province, and became desirous of the enrolment of his name among the saints, which has been granted.

On Wednesday, the first of Lent, the Holy Father distributed the ashes in the Sistine chapel. Among the distinguished personages who received it, was his majesty Maximilian, king of Bavaria.—His Holiness has been pleased to grant a life pension of 120 scudi yearly to the chemist Sig. Giovanni Pagliani for his useful invention of waters for wounds and for his disinterestedness in making it public; and has also conferred the silver medal with the inscription *Benemerenti* on Sig. Gio Gorgio di Plaisant, Pontifical Vice Consul at Carlsfort, for having been instrumental in saving the unfortunate people wrecked on the Roman brigantine *Nuovo Cesare*.

The excavations still in progress in the Catacombs continue to reveal objects of interest and veneration. The *Journal of Rome* of the 3d of March publishes a note from Signor Profili, Secretary of the Commission of Sacred Archæology, on the excavations which are continued in the Catacombs of St. Calistus. It is well known that under the skillful direction of the Chevalier de Rossi, the spot where twelve Popes of the third and fourth centuries had been buried had been discovered, and fully recognized. On the 27th February last, on excavating near the crypt of the Pope St. Eusebius, two sarcophagi in marble were discovered, decorated with bas reliefs, and perfectly intact. On the lid of one of them was carved obliquely the word "Alexsadra." The marble slabs forming the lids were carefully lifted, in the presence of the commission, and at the bottom of each sarcophagus was a skeleton. According to a known custom of the

primitive Christians, the bodies had been laid on a bed of lime. "If it may be permitted," says M. Profili, "to express a conjecture, in the absence of facts and proofs, there is every reason to believe that these two sarcophagi belong to the fourth century of our era, and that the defunct were married Christians of high distinction, who had chosen this venerated spot for their sepulchre, as being in the immediate proximity of the tomb of the holy pope St. Eusebius. The tombs of the times of the persecutions, containing the bodies of the martyrs, are generally only *loculi* hollowed out of the lateral walls of the catacombs; but when peace was restored to the Church, and the Christians could offer the divine sacrifice, and pray in the light of day and in full liberty, even then many wished to have their mortal remains laid close to the relics of the saints, and the sculptured sarcophagi which are found in the excavations of subterranean Rome belong to the time of Constantine and his immediate successors."

The 17th of March, the festival of St. Patrick, was celebrated in Rome with pomp, by the numerous clergymen and religious of the different religious orders of the Irish nation. The Franciscans of the convent of St. Isidor selected that day for the reopening of their church which had been undergoing considerable repairs and decorations. The day was preceded by a Triduo, of prayers and sermons which were given in part by Dr. Manning. His Holiness granted a plenary indulgence for the festival of St. Patrick.—The first stone of an hospital for chronic diseases, of patients of both sexes, was laid on the 2d of March near the church of Sancta Maria, in Capella, by Prince Doria Pamphili. The hospital will be served by the Sisters of Charity, and is to be built and maintained from funds set apart by the will of the late Don Carlo, uncle to the prince who laid the first stone.—The deaths of the young Marchioness Patrizzi, the wife of the Marquis Patrizzi, and that of the Princess Charlotte of Saxony, are recorded. They were both distinguished for their piety and charity to the poor.—A report has lately been published by the Minister of Public Works on the population of the Pontifical States, from which we subjoin the following interesting facts: In 1816, the population of the Roman States was 2,354,721; and in 1853, 3,124,668; showing an increase of 770,497, or about one-fourth in 37 years. The civil population of Austria, in 1818, was 29,813,586; in 1833, 34,217,494; which gives an augmentation, in 15 years, of about one-sixth; whilst if we turn to the official statistics of France of 1837, we find that in 1801 the population was 27,349,003; 1836, 33,540,910; which shows an increase of nearly one-fifth in a period of 36 years. The population, therefore, of the Pontifical States has increased in a greater proportion than that of France, whilst it has not quite equalled the increase of that of Austria. With regard to the number of inhabitants in relation to the square surface, it appears that the Roman territory has about 753.5 inhabitants for each square kilometre, whilst the Sardinian States have 80 1-4, and France had, in 1828, 62 1-5 for each square kilometre. The products of the soil are sufficient for the necessities of the population of the States of the Church, and in good years allow also of exportation.

**NAPLES.**—The political aspect of affairs in this country presents but little change during the last month. Some rumors are afloat of a Muratist party being formed, and of fresh appeals to the army being made by the radicals. Recently a decree purporting to come from the royal hand, was posted up in different parts of the city by the revolutionary sect. The decree promised the Constitution of 1848, and a complete amnesty within fifteen days. It remained on the walls for several hours, when the police observing it caused it to be torn down. Hundreds had collected to read it, but no attempt at disturbance followed.

**SARDINIA.**—The only important event in Sardinia, is the likelihood of a rupture with Austria. The government had withdrawn its Charge d'Affaires from Vienna, and a circular was addressed to all the Sardinian diplomatic agents in foreign courts, justifying this step and throwing the blame on Austria; the causes, however, are not particularly stated. The following taken from our foreign file will serve to show the injustice which is there being practised towards the Church. The government agents introduced themselves by force into 112 religious houses, some of them on the main land, and some in the island of Sardinia. They were seized, and now the 1,857 individuals, of

both sexes, belonging to those on the main land have not a centime which they can call their own. They are therefore obliged to buy their bread of the government, or die of hunger. This has been done in the face of the law, which declares all property "invulnerable" without exception; and by those very people who have raised the loudest clamor against the Austrian sequestrations in Lombardy (which, by the way, are all at an end now, and where all political refugees are allowed to return.)

**SPAIN.**—The talk of expedition against Mexico still continues to be the subject of comment in the Spanish journals, and preparations for that purpose are said to be in progress, though the government has taken no decisive steps on the subject. The government is said to have demanded of France and England that these powers should call on the United States to remain neutral in the event of a rupture with Mexico.

**FRANCE.**—At latest dates the Neufchatel Conference sitting in Paris had not concluded its business. It is said that the French government has despatched a note to its minister at Berlin said to be in rather energetic terms, to the effect that if the King of Prussia did not make up his mind to do something the congress would go on without his representatives. The delay is producing a very unfavorable impression in Switzerland.—The French squadron in the Chinese seas is to be reinforced, and to act in conjunction with the English fleet. On the Chinese affairs a French journal thus speaks: "The Chinese affair presents two phases perfectly distinct—the past and the future. The first belongs to history; the second involves the interests of various powers, whose commerce at present is seriously damaged, and who perceive the necessity for putting an end to the present state of things. It is to do so that an honorable understanding has lately been come to between France and England. The latter power sends numerous reinforcements to Admiral Seymour, who will have an important maritime force under his command. France, on her part, has maintained the squadron of Admiral Guerin in the Chinese seas with a view to future operations; and this squadron is to unite with the naval division commanded by Rear-Admiral Rigault de Genouilly. Thus our marine will be on a respectable footing. The two admirals will have at their disposal steam frigates, corvettes and gunboats, so valuable for an attack on the coast and for ascending rivers."—Abbe Belloc, a French priest, lately arrived at Marseilles from the Celestial Empire. His frightful appearance created much sympathy, and will have a tendency to imbitter the feeling of the nation against the Chinese. He was one of the five missionaries sent to preach the Gospel to the savage tribes of Penang Kiou, at the Tchou Kiang river. His four colleagues were beheaded, and he himself, after having his nose and ears and right hand cut off, was about to suffer the same fate, when he was rescued by some English sailors.—It is said that by special request of the Emperor two new bishoprics are about to be created. There are at present in France 15 provinces governed by archbishops; the number of suffragan bishops is 70. A French architect has been sent to Jerusalem to direct the restoration of the church of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, and the ancient palace of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, which the Sultan has presented to the Emperor of the French. A French chaplain and assistants are to have the future care of these holy places.

**AUSTRIA.**—The Austrian government has recalled its representatives from Turin and addressed a circular to the different European courts setting forth the reasons for this course of conduct. The *Nord* contains a summary, according to which the Cabinet of Vienna is not only dissatisfied with Count Cavour's reply to its complaint against the Piedmontese press and the tolerance with which these attacks are treated by the Sardinian government, but it sees a new offence in the language used by the government on the occasion of the debates relative to the fortification of Alessandria. The circular adds, that Austria has become convinced that Piedmont seeks to place itself at the head of the revolutionary movement in Italy—a movement of which the success would be the destruction of the Austrian domination in Italy. Piedmont pursues, then, a policy which not only tends to disturb social order in Italy, but to totally change the European political system established by treaty at Vienna. In the presence of these facts, Austria deems that her dignity will no longer permit her to maintain official relations with Sardinia. Nevertheless in informing foreign courts of the step Austria has determined to take, she declares that this measure will not be followed by others of a more hostile

character, and that in any event Austria will avoid up to the last moment all that can compromise the maintenance of peace, or create embarrassment among European cabinets.

**ENGLAND**—The election, which is now in progress, absorbs all other questions, and has been attended with considerable excitement. So far as authentic accounts have been obtained, a large ministerial majority will be returned to the new Parliament. In Church matters, the great Liddell and Westerton case has received its final judgment, but such after all as will leave parties pretty much where they started. The judgment decides in substance: That the cross is held to be a symbol of Christian faith, and "not an object of superstitious reverence." That is permitted to remain. The altar is to be removed, and a movable table of wood is to be substituted for it. The credence tables are allowed to remain. The altar coverings are to be used by the minister at discretion. They are to be of silk, and embroidered if he chooses, but neither embroidered linen or lace are to be used upon the communion table.

#### DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.—AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. **ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE**.—Among the nominations made by the Sovereign Pontiff to fill the several vacant bishoprics in the States, the Rev. Dr. McCaffrey, President of Mount St. Mary's College, was named as Bishop of Charleston, S. C. The learned gentleman, however, has declined the honor of the episcopate, and much to the gratification of the friends of the Mountain, will remain in the position which he has so long filled with usefulness and distinction. The Rev. Dr. Elder, Professor of Theology at the same institution, has been nominated to fill the vacant see of Natchez, Miss., and his consecration will take place at the Cathedral in this city on Sunday, the 3d of May. Dr. Elder is a native of Baltimore and was educated at Mt. St. Mary's. He subsequently studied at the Propaganda in Rome, where he was ordained.—Dr. Ives of New York, delivered a lecture before the Catholic Institute at the hall of the Maryland Institute on Monday, the 20th of April, on the "Sources of Prejudice." Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, quite a large and intelligent audience was present. The well known ability of Dr. Ives renders it unnecessary to say a single word of the lecture itself. We hope to see it in *extenso*, and circulated far and wide throughout the country; for we regard it as a production too important to be kept from general circulation. It is a subject of all others, suited to the time in which we live.

**Confirmation**.—The Most Rev. Archbishop confirmed 42 persons on Passion Sunday, in the church of St. Mary, Annapolis.

2. **DIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA**.—His Holiness, the Pope, has nominated the Rev. J. F. Wood, late pastor of St. Patrick's church, Cincinnati, as coadjutor to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Neumann, Bishop of Philadelphia. The *Catholic Herald* in announcing the fact observes: The Rt. Rev. Dr. Neumann, in his pious humility, had earnestly requested the Holy Father to relieve him from the responsibility of governing this vast diocese, but the sovereign ruler of the Church on earth, was too well informed of the ardent zeal, the earnest solicitude, and the practical devotion our revered prelate evinced in the erection of so many new churches in the diocese, and in the promotion of sound religious feeling among the flock committed to his superintendence, to accede to his wishes even though his health has been impaired by his arduous duties. The Rev. Dr. Wood was born in Philadelphia in 1813. He went to Cincinnati in 1828, where he occupied a responsible and highly respectable mercantile position. Desirous of serving the Almighty, and working out his salvation, he devoted his attention to an earnest search for the truths of religion, which he found to be only in the Catholic Church, to which he became a convert in April, 1836. In the beginning of October, 1837, he went to Rome to study for the priesthood, and on the 1st October, 1844, he returned ordained, to the city of Cincinnati, where he has since remained.

**Religious Reception**.—On the festival of St. Joseph, 19th of March, Bishop Neumann received the professions of three choir sisters and one lay sister of the Order of the Sisters of St. Joseph. The reception took place in the chapel of St. John's Orphan Asylum, West Philadelphia.

**Confirmation**.—On the 29th of March, the same prelate administered Confirmation to 475 persons at St. Michael's church, Philadelphia. Of the number confirmed 15 were converts to our holy faith.

3. **DIOCESE OF PORTLAND**.—We regret to learn that the Rt. Rev. Bishop Bacon met with a painful accident on Monday, April 5th, while preparing the altar for the devotional services of holy week. A ladder upon which he stood becoming displaced, he was precipitated against a settee so heavily that his fall resulted in a fracture of the right arm and elbow joint, and a severe contusion of the hip and right side.

4. **ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK.**—The Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes administered the sacrament of Confirmation on Sunday, the 23d of March, in the church of St. Vincent of Paul, to 114 persons.

5. **ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.**—*Conversions.*—It is a source of much consolation to Catholics to witness, amidst the many assaults which are daily made on their Church, the numerous conversions to the Catholic faith. Among those lately received into the Church in the diocese of Cincinnati, are Dr. Nichols, his wife, one of her daughters by a former husband, and Miss Hopkins, of the famous establishment at Yellow Springs, near Xenia, Ohio; and Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner Waters and their young son of that city. The four first named, says the *Telegraph*, were baptized recently in St. Xavier's church, Sycamore street, Cincinnati, by Rev. Father Oakley, rector of the College, and the latter by the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, in the cathedral, on the 2d of Feb'y. Mr. and Mrs. Waters (who are natives of the State of Maine) made their first communion, after diligent preparation, in St. Mary's church, to the great edification of the faithful assembled at the solemn Pontifical Mass celebrated in that church on the feast of the Annunciation. Dr. Nichols and his wife were Socialists of the school of Fourier, and had written and published much in support of their socialistic views. They were also addicted to the system of spiritualism, and were advised by the spirits, like M. Hume, at Paris, to seek salvation in the Catholic Church. Before they were admitted to baptism, they drew up and signed a written retraction of the pernicious doctrines they heretofore maintained. This retraction has been published in the *Catholic Telegraph*.

6. **DIOCESE OF PITTSBURG.**—It will be gratifying to the numerous friends of the distinguished Bishop of Pittsburg, the Right Rev. Dr. O'Conner, to learn that his health is improving. When last heard from, he was on his way to Rome. After Easter, he intended to go to Jerusalem, and on his return to remain a short time in Germany, before leaving for the United States.

7. **DIOCESE OF RICHMOND.**—*Ordination.*—On Saturday, the 28th of March, the Rev. T. Oscar A. Sears was ordained Priest in St. Peter's church, Richmond, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop McGill.

8. **DIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO.**—The Most Rev. Archbishop of San Francisco has addressed a Pastoral Letter to the clergy and laity of his diocese, on the delusion of Spiritualism. After reciting the Decree issued by the Chancery of the Holy Office at Rome, in August last, on the subject of "Magnetism," the prelate observes: "From the letter just read, every Catholic will see that we can no longer view the delusions of Spiritualists as a lawful scientific pursuit, or an innocent pastime, but as an abominable superstition, proceeding from the spirits of wickedness in high places, from the prince of darkness, 'who transformeth himself into an angel of light.' This present delusion presents the appearance of novelty, but in reality is one of the ancient snares with which 'He goeth about seeking whom he may devour.'" The same Most Rev. Prelate recently admitted to the religious profession in the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, in San Francisco, Miss Margaret Stokes, who assumed in religion the name of Sister Mary Agnes.

9. **DIOCESE OF SAVANNAH.**—The Very Rev. Mr. Barry, administrator of the diocese of Charleston, has been nominated by the Holy Father to the vacant see of Savannah.

**MISCELLANEOUS ECCLESIASTICAL ITEMS.**—The Right Rev. Frederick Baraga, hitherto Vicar-Apostolic of Upper Michigan, is now Bishop of the new diocese of Saint St. Mary. The Rev. Mr. McFarland of Utica, New York, has been appointed Vicar-Apostolic of Florida. The erection of the new see of Fort Wayne has been approved, but as the name of the Rev. Mr. Wood, who has been appointed coadjutor to the Bishop of Philadelphia, was the first on the list for the new see, a delay in filling it has been occasioned. No see has been erected in Washington, D. C., nor in Wilmington, N. C.—The petition of the Bishops of the province of Cincinnati for the erection of Mount St. Mary's Theological Seminary into a University, or investing it with the power of conferring degrees in theology, has been postponed for the present.—The Rev. Henry D. Juncker of the diocese of Cincinnati, has been appointed the first Bishop of the new see of Alton, Ill.—The Rev. Father Smith has been appointed coadjutor to the Bishop of Dubuque, and the Rev. Mr. Duggan coadjutor to the Archbishop of St. Louis.—Nebraska has been made a separate Vicariate, under the charge of the Right Rev. Dr. Meige, Vicar Apostolic in Kansas.

**OBITUARY.**—Died, on Sunday, the 8th of March, of the consumption, at the episcopal residence in Cleveland, Ohio, the Rev. J. BOURGADE, a native of the diocese of St. Flour, in France.

Died, suddenly on the 15th of April, at Rose Cottage near the Ursuline Convent, Brown Co., Ohio, Mrs. JOHANNA PURCELL, the venerable mother of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati, in the 92d year of her age. *May they rest in peace.*